

TOC H JOURNAL

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Nos. 8-9

The Editor accepts no responsibility for statements made or opinions expressed by authors of articles or in speeches at meetings.

Communications for insertion must reach the Editor by noon on the last day of each month.

NOTICE.—Following excellent models we have put so many extra pages and pictures into our Summer Number that we are able, with an easy conscience, to charge a grateful public double the usual price. This only shows—if proof were needed—how well it pays Toc H members to take out one of those Five-shilling "insurance policies" which brings them the JOURNAL, thick or thin, for a year. See "Correspondence" on opposite page.

In accordance with last year's precedent no JOURNAL will be published next month. Branch news for August and September should be sent in by September 30 for the October issue.—ED.

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST

BANK HOLIDAY, 1924.

YOU that are lying, flatlong, on the beach,
With peeling nose and copper-coloured limb,
Pipe between teeth and matches out of reach,
Fed 'cos the tide's wrong for another swim—
You, with the ninth hole looking pretty grim,
And that ass Muggins playing perfect go'f
Against you—just keep cool till lunch-time. Then—knock off.

You, who have cast a full three hours and over,
When only midges bite but de'il a salmon—
You with the tinkered mo-bike, who discover
Ten m.p.h. is all that you can cram on—
You, faithful you, who strive to push the pram on
The crowded esplanade while others scoff—
You (heroes, all of you), don't worry! Just—knock off.

You in the camp (T.F.), your twenty-third,
Learning defence of England, Home and Beauty—
You, devastated by a thoughtless "bird"—
And even you who have to go on duty,
Punching the tickets on a hectic route—*
Don't make a *business* of Bank Holiday;
Put comp'ny-drill, babies'n bikes'n birds away.

* A pretty Chaucerian touch; the next best rhyme is *Et tu, Brute*, the sense of which would be more obscure.

Come, turn the pages of the SUMMER JOURNAL.
Prone by the pier or in some leafy dell,
Or sofa'ed in your digs. Nor heed th' infernal
Flies, nor the summons of the luncheon bell.
Bid all exasperation go to——. Well,
Stop striving, and regain your sense of humour,
Finding our Special Double Number's more than rumour.

And as you scan the gay and gallant mixture,
Your mind will go to August Fourth, '14,
And how perhaps you helped to keep a fixture
That less than half the world had half foreseen.
To think *to-day* there's ten years in between!
And still the sun shines and we play the game
Much as in times before—but never quite the same.

That August Fourth! when breathless thousands waited
Beneath Big Ben, with hearts half glad, half sick;
And in the clubs and pubs we demonstrated
How many months would see us do the trick.
Then lots of lads struck eighteen mighty quick,
And housewives turned an anxious eye to vitt'ling;
Elderly gents behaved like Wells's *Mr. Britling*.

And most of you jumped to it—pen and tool
Dropped for the bayonet, tennis swapped for “jerks”;
But some of you were toddlers scarce at school,
And some (their grandads) watched the waterworks.
Let us dwell less on drawbacks—Teutons, 'Turks—
Than on the joys of later days and nights,
Trench rats, inspections, plum and apple jam delights.

* * * * *

But you, who marched away and came again.
And lazily dream to-day of all that passed—
You'll pause between the pages as the train
Of those dear lads goes by, who to the last
Played, fought beside you, loved you, called you friend;
Who went, so straight and simple, at the end
To grander tasks that call for no returning.
For these our hearts are lifted up, our Lamps are burning.

* * * * *

So here's the thing, beloved friends—
Half jest and half memorial—
But glory be! this positively ends

THE EDITORIAL.

P.S.—We owe sincere acknowledgment To lots of people for the things they sent. First—*place aux dames*—we'd like to tell The authoress of the *Scarlet Pimpernel* How glad we are; and then there's quite a bunch Of pens familiar to the page of *Punch*—SEAMAN (SIR OWEN), CHARLES L. GRAVES and “FOUGASSE,” And HARRY ROWNTREE; and then you pass To RICHARD KING, the *Tatler's* not too “Silent Friend,” BAIRNSFATHER at his best (look near the end), Delicious nonsense of HEATH ROBINSON. From one to t'other you will wander on (And don't miss out GEORGE BIRMINGHAM), Renewing ancient book-loves and confirming 'em.

We in Toc H, as well as names and ranks, Have shed the need for passing votes of thanks. But you'll be glad to meet the CHAIRMAN's “*Smike*,” And ARCHIE TURNER telling what it might be like (An Elder Brother—surely one of us), And TUBBY saying, “Well, it actually happened thus” BLOMFIELD and H. F. B. and H. A. T., And any other men whose names you see.

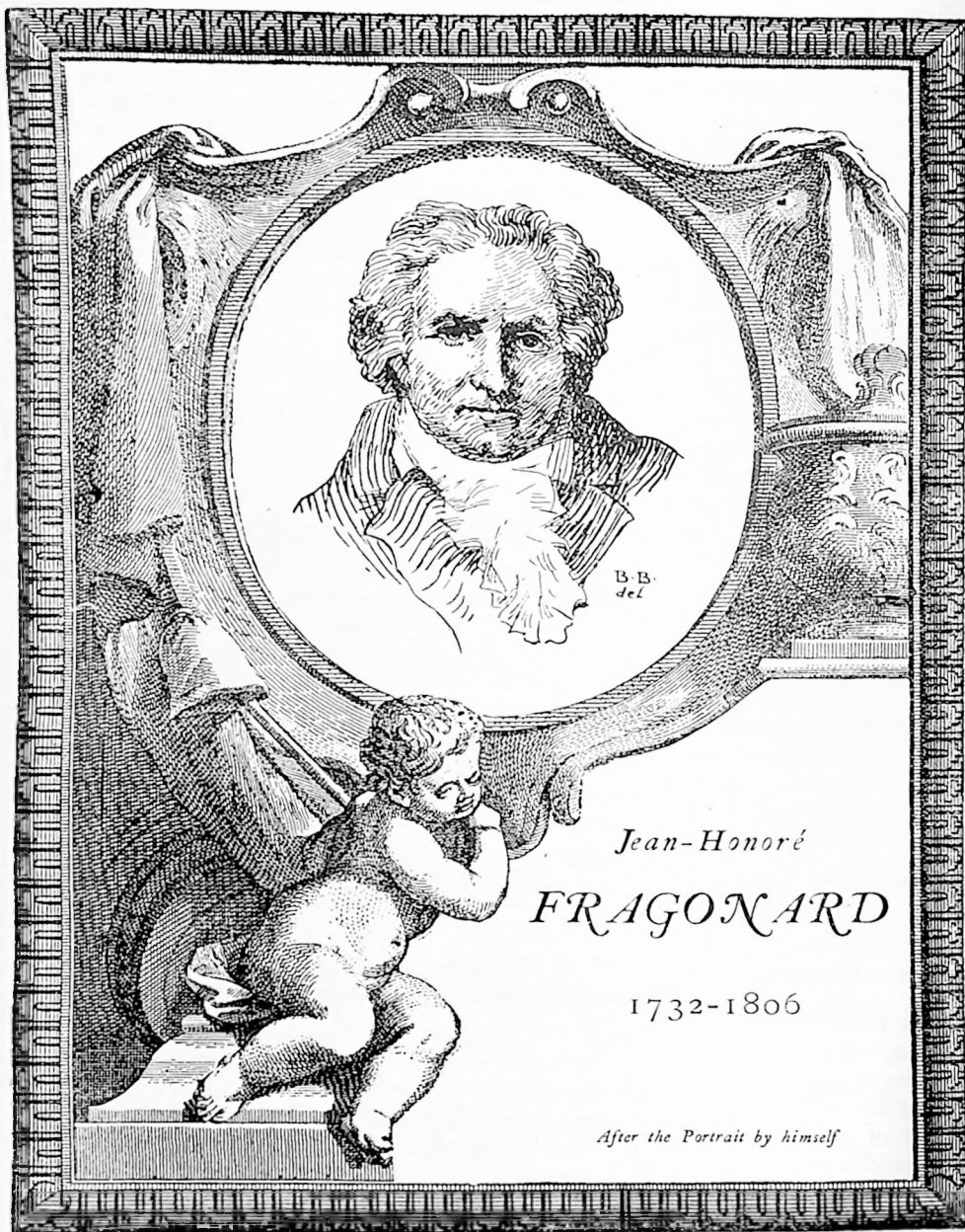
There's nothing “useful” here, save Secs.' addresses, No Branches' news that uplifts or depresses, No problems stated, solved, no propaganda—Nothing about Toc H to hand a Bewildered stranger seeking information. Toc H makes holiday in preparation For all the serious business of the winter. Lastly, our thanks to MR. SUMNER (that's our printer).

A FEW FORTHCOMING EVENTS

¶ FOR SCOUT BEGINNERS. On September 20–21 a special week-end course for members new to scouting will be held at Dunham Park Camp, Altrincham, Cheshire. It will be run by Arnold Stocks, Pat Leonard and the Altrincham Branch Secretary. All Toc H members, especially from the North, who want to start scouting will be most welcome. Apply to F. A. Stocks, 10, St. Mary's Street, Altrincham, for full particulars.

¶ A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER. Sir BEILBY ALSTON, K.C.M.G., British Minister to the Argentine, whose initiation to the Buenos Aires Branch was reported in the May JOURNAL, is now in England, and has promised to speak at Mark I on Wednesday, September 24.

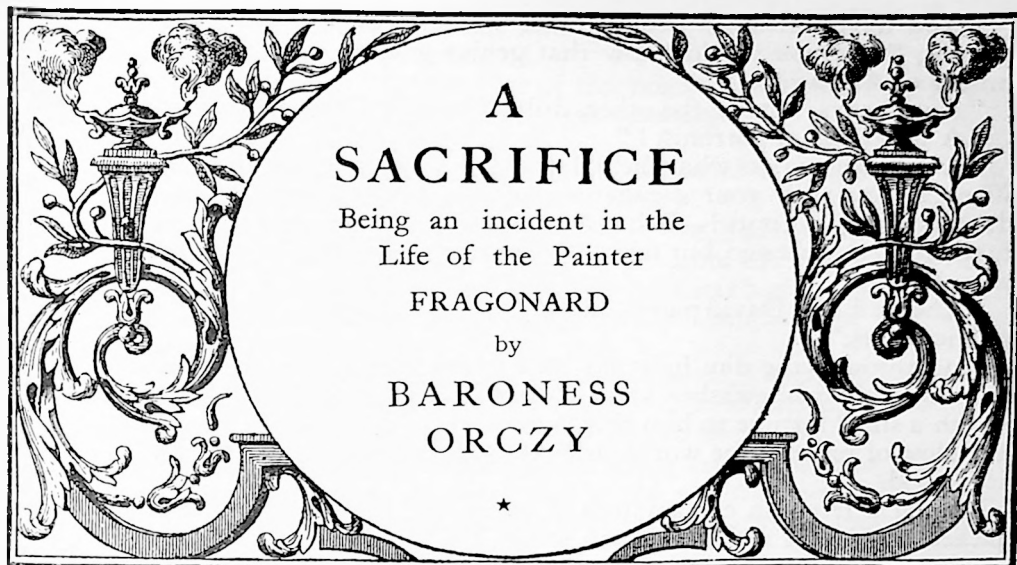
¶ A GIFT OF SPORTS GEAR. Quite a number of members don't yet realise the giving away of their old sports gear as a forthcoming event. But so it will be. Miss SKINNER, Secretary of the General Wants Department of the C.M.S., who was the first to plant the idea of Toc H in Cornwall, and to raise a considerable sum of money for us in Bude, now writes that she urgently needs all manner of sports things for all kinds of places (*e.g.*, a West African station has “a really first-class hockey team, but all the hockey sticks are now *hors de combat*”). So turn out those cupboards of yours, address the contents to Miss Skinner, C.M.S., Salisbury Square, E.C.4, and rejoice many a boy's heart overseas.



Jean-Honoré
FRAGONARD

1732-1806

After the Portrait by himself



IN the studio the light was dim, for outside the snow fell in heavy flakes, and above and around a grey pall of mist enveloped the city.

Citizen Fragonard threw down pallet and brushes with a gesture of discouragement.

"It is no use," he said, "there is no quality in the light to-day."

He was an old man with white, unruly hair above the high intellectual brow, and a network of furrows round mouth and eyes that veiled the enthusiastic glow which still smouldered in the orbs. He shivered a little under his thread-bare shirt, and with shuffling steps went up to the small iron stove holding his thin hands to the feeble glow.

"And to think that you could live in affluence and security, Citizen Fragonard, instead of eking out this miserable, half-starved existence which must be death even to your great ability."

The man who had spoken sat on a rickety chair beside the stove, his keen, dark eyes watching the nervous gestures of the artist, his thin lips curled into an ironical smile.

Fragonard shrugged his shoulders. Evidently the subject was one which had often been discussed before between himself and his companion. He, Fragonard, once the painter of all the pretty women who graced the courts of Versailles, the favourite of three monarchs, the genius whose inspired brush had placed on record for all times the charms, the voluptuousness and the beauty of those olden days that were past—he was starving now, old in years, under a cloud with the revolutionary government for his persistence in still painting those very subjects which had delighted Marie Antoinette and her court.

"You have but small acquaintance with artists, Citizen Darieu," he said, quietly, "else you would know that genius goes its own way irrespective of misery or starvation."

"Not always," quoth the other, drily, "look at Citizen David now."

"A miserable opportunist!"

"A man who paints what the public wants and consequently lives in affluence. Whereas you with your shepherds and shepherdesses, your lute players and dancers and what nots!—Bah: they were all right for the tyrants and voluptuaries of a decade ago, but now we want severity in art, man, the classic ideals, the—the——"

"The stuff that David paints, in fact," said Fragonard, quietly, "and that the public wants."

And through the dim light his gaze swept over the many unsold canvases that lined the whitewashed walls, pictures each one of which would have been worth a small fortune to him that same decade ago; and in his gaze there was the glow of pride of the worker who reviews the work of his life and finds that it is good.

Darieu uttered an exclamation of contempt, and rose from his chair. He picked up his hat and cloak, and without bidding farewell to the artist strode toward the door. But here he turned, and there was no look of kindliness or of friendship in the glance which now rested on painter Fragonard.

"Well, citizen," he said, gruffly, "I have given you warning because of past friendship between us. But I can do no more. Several members of the Committee of Public Safety view your work with great displeasure and consider that it has a deleterious effect upon the morals of our younger citizens—and you know what that displeasure may mean," he added, significantly.

The old man's wan cheeks took on a more pallid hue. He shivered again and drew nearer to the smouldering fire.

"Well, citizen," concluded Darieu, "remember my warning, and when next Citizen Marat or Robespierre come to visit your studio do not let them see so many décolletée shepherdesses about—a fine classically draped figure would look well upon your easel, and would prove to your advantage."

He was gone, and the old artist made no motion to detain him. He went back to his easel and sat down before it. His wrinkled hands took up his brush and palette. Gone was the look of discouragement, the look of fear—he worked away with a will despite the dim light, and once again the magic brush conjured up upon the canvas the golden and opalescent tones, the glowing colour, the charm of form and of line which had already won for Fragonard the crown of immortality.

* * * * *

An insistent knock at the door roused him from his absorption.

The next moment the door itself was hurriedly thrown open and a small cloaked and hooded figure ran quickly up to him and then cowered at his feet.

"Fragonard!" said a muffled voice, hoarse and quaking with terror, "my little Fragonard—save me—hide me—they—they have come, I think."

The artist had already jumped to his feet.

"Madame la Duchesse!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" she entreated, "for the love of Heaven do not breathe my name. They are downstairs I tell you—talking to the concierge!"

"They?" he asked. "Who?"

"The soldiers of the Republican Guard! That awful man Marat is with them! I heard the concierge calling him by name!"

Fragonard's face had turned to deathly pallor; he had to steady himself against his easel, for his knees were shaking under him. A domiciliary visit from the soldiers of the Republican Guard headed by Marat had but one meaning these days. Instinctively both these terror-stricken people here put up a trembling hand to their necks.

"I heard your name spoken too, Fragonard, and mine," whispered Madame la Duchesse. "I crept up here to save myself and to warn you—you have always been so good to me—shared your scanty meals with me—"

"In poor return for all your goodness to the rising artist years ago, Madame la Duchesse. But what can we do now?" he added, whilst his gaze, filled with that instinctive, nameless horror of the ever-present guillotine, wandered helplessly round the bare, whitewashed room.

"I don't know," she murmured, feebly; "if they find me 'tis the guillotine—but you are not suspect, are you? Cannot you hide me?—cannot you—?"

Her voice was choked in her throat; only her eyes appealed, insistent, terrified, trustful.

And to the ear of the old artist there came back, as an echo, the contemptuous words of his late companion:

"When next Citizen Marat or Robespierre come to your studio, do not let them see so many décolletée shepherdesses about—a fine, classically draped figure would look well upon your easel, and would prove to your advantage."

One moment only did he hesitate; one moment whilst worship for his art struggled with love of life and instincts of gratitude. Then his face lighted up with a sudden glow. Uttering a hoarse cry, he seized upon a knife that lay on the tray of his easel, and, rushing up to a stack of canvases—exquisite creations of his immortal genius—he thrust the knife through one of them, tearing and slashing the picture about this way and that; then seizing another picture, and then another, and yet another, he tore them ruthlessly from their wooden stretchers, not looking at the havoc which he was wreaking, annihilating in this moment of frenzy the work of several years, cutting, tearing, wrenching, until some twenty perfect works of art lay hopelessly ruined in a tangled litter at his feet.

Madame la Duchesse had not uttered a cry while she looked on what she thought was the work of a madman. She was paralysed with fear, crouching against the easel, dry-eyed and dumb.

And from below there came the sound of voices, the clink of arms, the one dreaded name "Marat" resounding on the stairs.

Now the work of destruction was accomplished. Fragonard had seized Madame la Duchesse by the hand ; he dragged her up to the elevated platform on which his models were wont to pose for him. A heap of many-coloured draperies lay upon it. He snatched up one of these, a large piece of sky-blue material. Yes, this would answer the purpose. Off, Madame la Duchesse, with the hood and cloak. Now this drapery round you in truly classical lines—up on the shoulder in long, straight folds—now one arm in a stiff, affected curve, held towards the breast—That's excellent ! Truly a model fit for that opportunist, David.

Back now to the easel, Citizen Fragonard—a clean canvas before you—a few rapid lines to indicate the figure, those straight folds, the affected curves—that classical ideal which the public wants.

The soldiers are half way up the stairs, and that hideous, hoarse voice of Marat's calls loudly :

“Open, in the name of the people !”

“But enter, Citizen Marat,” shouts Fragonard, equally loudly. “I am busy, and the light is going.”

Marat pushed open the door, and strode, with that slouchy gait of his, straight into the studio and up to the easel.

“Excuse me not greeting you more effusively, Citizen Marat,” said Fragonard, who held one paint-brush between his teeth and was working away with frantic speed with another ; “Citizen Darieu has been so eloquent, you know—I am a converted man, now—see, I have renounced my past follies—destroyed my old canvases, and am striving now after those same ideals which have made painter David the great man that he is.”

“That's well done, Citizen Fragonard,” said Marat, complacently ; “we all said we would convert you. The Government will take your new efforts with consideration, I know. I did not understand from Citizen Darieu that he had succeeded so over well, so I thought I would come and see for myself whether you are a true patriot or not. Farewell, Citizen Fragonard. I'll comment on you favourably to the Committee of Public Safety. You were wise to destroy all that rubbish ; it was unworthy of you. That's a nice looking model you have there—severe classical lines—that's what the people expect of art now. Farewell, I am quite satisfied. My men and I are really after a *ci-devant* duchess who lives in this house, so they say ; but I thought I would look in on you first. Farewell ! I like your picture very much, Citizen Fragonard.”

He was gone, and for awhile the artist went on working at feverish speed, his attention half fixed upon the noise that went on in the house for some time. There was a search after the *ci-devant* duchess seemingly, for orders and counter orders echoed up and down the stone stairs ; but Madame la Duchesse, up on the *estrade* of painter Fragonard, with folds of blue cashmere descending in classical regularity from her shoulder, her arm curved at the exact classical angle toward her breast, remained as immovable, as wooden, and as stiff as that same classical art demanded. Only when, half an hour or so later, quietude once more reigned around, when the heavy steps of the soldiers and the hoarse voice of Marat had

ceased to resound through the house, then only did Madame la Duchesses divest herself of the sky-blue drapery and don once more her dark cloak and hood. She took leave of the artist who had saved her life by sacrificing some of his most exquisite work for her safety. She took the wrinkled hand that had been the faithful interpreter of genius, and which had to-day been the ruthless destroyer of its own work of years, and reverently, simply, she kissed the toil-worn fingers ere she disappeared out of his life for ever.

But when she had gone Fragonard knelt amidst the litter of his priceless works, now reduced to a mass of rags, and in his heart he asked of Art, the immortal goddess, to forgive him for the desecration.



THE HUMBLING OF CHANTICLEER

WHO TOOK TO HIS OWN CREDIT THE TRIUMPH
OF THE SUNRISE

SCENE: *A Toc H Branch meeting, with the Lamp turning oil into light. Enter a New Member, bubbling over.*

New Member :

I've done a fine thing !
Hey ding-a-ding-ding !
I've done a fine thing, a fine thing !

N.M. :

I've done a good deed
At the top of my speed,
So here am I ! Hey ding-a-ding !

N.M. :

You snub me and doubt me ;
You're better without me—
I'll go my own way—ding-a-ding !

N.M. :

Since thinking upon it,
The bee in my bonnet,
Good brothers, is now on the wing.

Old Members :

What is this fine thing
You boastfully sing ? [ding !
We doubt it ! Hey ding-a-ding-

O.M. :

Nay, self-satisfaction
Corrodes a good action. [thing !
God save us ! He's done a good

O.M. :

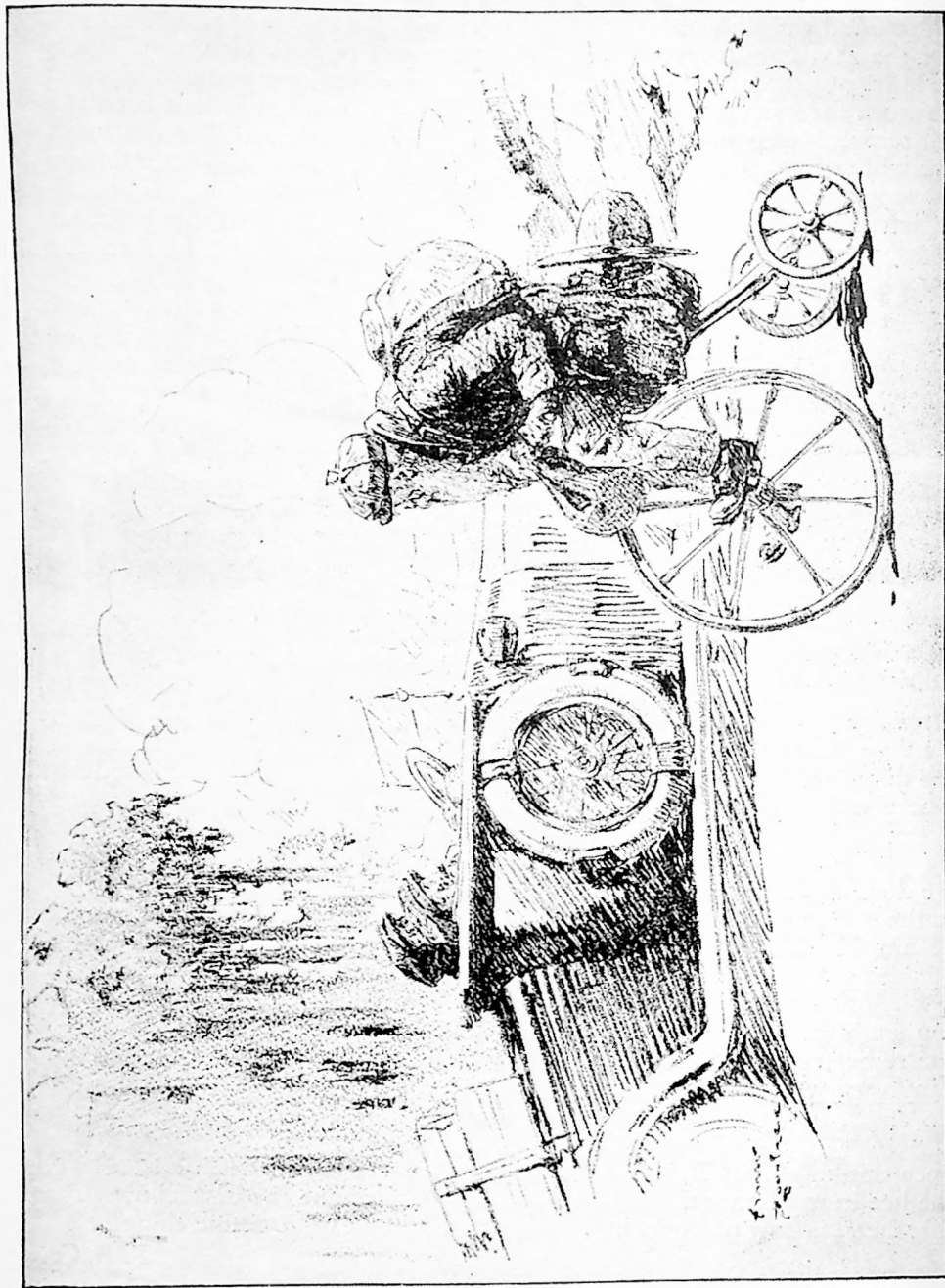
No, don't ! for it's lonely ;
We commented only :— [thing."
"Don't brag when you've done a good

O.M. :

Toc H it can tell, oh !
You're not the first fellow
To find he can do a fine thing.

P. B. C.

*



HIS BANK HOLIDAY: *Drawn by* HARRY ROWNTREE.

"I say, are we far from Plymouth?" "No zur, 'bout ten-twelve mille. Can yew tell me 'ow fur Oi be from Birming'um?"

FORESEEING TOC H.

WHAT might not the brilliant mind, the lively fancy and the Christian sanity of ARCHIE TURNER have meant in the history of Toc H? A Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, he enlisted and was killed in the ranks. Shortly before his death in 1916, he wrote a characteristic letter to his brother, and accompanied it with a rough draft of a pamphlet, which Toc H was allowed to print in its special number of *The Challenge* on June 21, 1922. ARCHIE TURNER was himself one of the earliest members of the editorial committee of *The Challenge*, which published its first number on May 1, 1914, survived the War by a great struggle, but has since ceased to appear. His pamphlet is like to be forgotten, except among a small circle of intimate friends, and we therefore seek no excuse for publishing it again in the JOURNAL. Indeed, TUBBY'S reference to it in the June number (p. 150) was accompanied by a half-promise that this should be done. Those members (and probably they are not half of Toc H to-day) who read it when it was first printed will be glad to encounter it again. For, as ARCHIE TURNER looked round, from the heights of the War, upon the dimly discerned post-war world, he saw the need of a "Club for the Promotion of True Hilarity," which was, in many ways, an anticipation of Toc H.

First comes the letter, full of the queer, well-remembered phrases of the living man. We haven't been able to resist italicising a sentence at the end, for it is a golden rule for Toc H—never better expressed.

"I THINK it will be a great thing if this one of our airy inventions actually comes off. In fact, it must, and there's an end of it.

"I don't know how the Mish (*i.e.*, the National Mission) will turn out; I expect as you say, it will produce a lot of stoutness. The really difficult thing is the unchristianity of the Church as a Society; and while that remains, its efforts to Christianize other people or 'the Nation' are fairly futile. I think the Mish will make a lot of people realise this and so may contribute towards things. But it is a real revolution and turning inside out of masses of things that must happen before we get any further. I am become more definitely revolutionary during the last six months—much. What matters is that the revolution should be a hilarious and internal one and not a grim fight about things. What I am most excited about is how to get people to believe in the possibility and the desirability of a Social Christianity; they never have believed in either. But a good wave of belief would do a lot to help things along. The Mish can't do it because it is sectarian and because the Church is socially unchristian. But it's faith and not jeremiads what are wanted. The Mish *might* help Church people to see the corporate unchristianity of the Church, and that will be a start.

"The new cottage will have to be worked in with the club, and will become eventually a great resort, though I'm afraid it can't be in such a nice place—somewhere in the Chilterns, I shouldn't wonder. You see the whole thing is a regular mountain of a scheme. I hope immensely that it will work. I'm sure it's really a great invention for helping things along. Do carry it all in your

mind and chew it ; also catch blokage. I do want it really to happen and to grow into something. It seems to me to be a real practical kind of Utopianism and something that our grandchildren might bless. Not that I want to flourish it about or to set up for reforming the world with it, but to build up an atmosphere (if you can build atmosphere) of friendship and understanding and belief in things. It will be strenuous work at the back of it all ; there will be a lot of hideosity about in the world, I imagine ; but I don't doubt that it can be done and is a real mission for them what catches on to the old thing. It seems to put a real hat on all the boggelge which I have boggled during the last three years or so, so that's a blooming effusion anyhow. The thought of it has really made me feel quite new, and newage is badly wanted in these days of extreme mouldiness.

"I think the club will be a great thing for — who can't get excited about pious things, and was never meant to live in an abode of piosity or to fuss about with such things. Not but what she will undoubtedly survive it all. But one sees it's all rather a strain. Comes of living in remote places like that, of course ; it's dreadful, the remoteness from blokage ; but the club will improve that.

"It's extraordinary how all the business makes one realise the value of blokes. To think of things is mouldier and mouldier, but to think of blokes is continually reviving. Let's hope it will be a permanent sort of change in people's state of mind. If only that rotten commercialism doesn't do a burst afterwards and swallow it all. That'll be the egg ! *If there could only get an idea about that it would be a good thing to be poor in things and excel in blokage.*

"Can you excogitate a name for the club when you have nothing to do ?"

II.

And then follows the draft of the pamphlet itself, entitled :—

A PROPOSED CLUB FOR THE PROMOTION OF TRUE HILARITY.

§ 1.

The importance and the true nature of hilarity are too much neglected in the world, both by those who want to reform it and by those who desire to make money out of it. Those who want to make money out of it are naturally self-interested also in their recreations ; but before any suggestion of self-interest hilarity creeps away, and unnatural conventions amble in with eccentricities hurrying after. Those who want to reform it become one-eyed and see only the mess which they want to sweep away, and cannot let go for a moment of their patent brooms ; but before this one-eyedness again hilarity creeps away, and a forceful heartiness comes rolling in like a curate at a children's party.

Both these forms of pursuit—the desire to make money out of the world and the desire to reform it—thrive in a world which is hemmed in by the fences of conventional thoughts and purposes ; and the laboured excitements which are hatched by their followers are a part of the same world. People have divided it into two compartments, and called one work and the other recreation, so that

they could fly to each in turn to escape from the other. And this disjointed whole goes round with the creaking and clanking of much machinery.

The fundamental difference between these things and true hilarity is that hilarity is free and owes its existence to the unrestricted imagination of people bound together simply by a common and charitable humanity. Hilarity thrives at the meeting of many. It vanishes before any suggestion of self-interest or conventionality or enforced merriment. All these things are unnatural and hilarity asks only for naturalness.

True hilarity creeps into the sources of our energies and causes them to effervesce with content. It airs and unclogs the brain and looses the great force of imagination, which at once enables a man to see what is true and to do what is good.

But the world is so full of stuffiness that in its business and solitude hilarity is often hard to come by. And the places where it should be found are too much invaded by those whom self-interest has paralysed æsthetically, and who fill the air with dreariness and not seldom with ugliness.

Somehow the world has got to be re-made. But it will all depend upon whether people will build it up with hilarity instead of trying to patch it together with some kind of mechanical patent glue. There are lots of excellent and busy organisations for re-making it, and there will be a hundred more. But the thought of them is full of hurry and tiredness. There are quantities of conferences and meetings. But conferences are specialised and mostly religious in an alarming degree. All these things in themselves are apt to be one-eyed and rather tight. Both those who take part in them and those who do not are in need of something less specialised, which will fill them with the refreshment and open-eyedness of hilarity as they go about their pursuits.

§ 2.

It is therefore proposed to start a club for the purpose of promoting true hilarity for all such as are well disposed. Not an association to make people hilarious, but a club where hilarity will grow naturally. Such a club will help more than any amount of organisations and conferences to dispel the fog which hangs about these things. It will be a place where people can behold one another and realise that they are all alive. Also they will eat together, and the satisfaction of eating is no small matter to the soul.

This club will be a club and not an association. It will organise nothing outside itself, and nothing inside itself that can interfere with the freedom of hilarity. Its atmosphere will be one of refreshment; that is to say it will be full of the things which give the world its real form and colour. Both play and work are arts and industries, and the inspiration of hilarity is necessary to them both, to give them their true liveliness and proportion, and to prevent them from wandering off by themselves into separate ruts. In this club members will have opportunities for introducing all their lively and natural interests. Those who are artists will hang their pictures on the walls,* and those who are craftsmen

* There will be a humane censorship on all these things.

will exhibit their handicraft ; and the other members will buy these things. Musicians will hold concerts ; and the drama might give its contribution. Also there will be discussions on the things which make life worth living ; and those who are doing things to let life and air into the common life will be invited to give an account of themselves.

All these things will be there ; but no one will be compelled to attend to them. The club will not frighten people by wearing a religious or æsthetic or Bohemian dress ; it will not tire them by appearing a ceaseless engine of reformation.

There will be no element of specialisation in this club. It will be both for men and women. It will try to be a meeting-place for all the agencies for bringing vivacity and imagination into the world, so that in their fellowship they may strengthen one another. All one-eyed kinds of specialists will be excluded, unless they can scrape off their one-eyedness on the doormat outside ; such persons are intellectual acrobats, doctrinaires of all kinds, sectarians, party politicians, success-seekers, and commercial travellers in patent reforms.

The arranged activities which take place inside the club will be such as grow naturally out of the meeting of people. But the main thing will always be that people shall have a place of recreation and refreshment, where the atmosphere will not be merely conducive to heavy sleep in easy chairs (not that sleep will be either forbidden or made impossible), but where they may breathe the open air of God's wide and varied world instead of the oppressive stuffiness of men's factories and reformatories.

§ 3.

The internal arrangements of the club will obviously have to depend upon financial and other things. It should have at least four main sitting rooms : a common room (smoking), a drawing room for women members only, a smoking room for men only, and a library ; one or two dining rooms ; a large room for meetings, concerts, &c. ; a fair number of small rooms for private parties, games, and such things ; a music room (out of hearing) ; and some bedrooms. It will depend on the number of members and the amount of the subscription which they are willing to pay. There should be an equal number of each sex ; and the subscription should be kept as low as possible, not more than £4 a year.

The club clearly cannot be started till after the war. It is proposed in the meanwhile to collect names of those who would join, and when a sufficient number of members seems to be forthcoming, to take what preliminary steps are needed for putting out a definite scheme.

The club will have to be in a central part of London. Somewhere in the more accessible part of Bloomsbury is suggested, or the Adelphi.

If you would like to join (provisionally) in the starting of such a club, you are asked to send your name to the person from whom you receive this invitation, saying what maximum subscription and entrance fee you would be prepared to pay. Also you may send the names of any friends to whom you would like an invitation to be sent.

March, 1916.

A.C.T.

"WIPERS"

*Can yer 'ear the fellers singin' in number One Platoon?
They're marchin' out o' Wipers; it ain't a day too soon.*

Twelve months in the trenches, shelled and gassed and drowned,
Twelve months starin' at the fields and blackened stumps around.

*Good-bye, Wipers, though I 'opes it is for good,
It 'urts me for to leave yer—I little thought it would.*

When I get back to Blighty, and all the fightin's done,
Maybe the picfers of the past will rise up one by one.

I'll see the stout old prison, and windy Menin Gate,
It's many time I've doubled through, and sprinted up the strait.

The muddy ruddy ramparts, the mist upon the Moat,
The grey canal between whose banks no barges ever float.

And them Cathedral ruins, O Gawd, the 'ideous sight,
Like mootilated fingers, they points up through the night.

*Can yer 'ear the fellers singin' in number One platoon?
They're marchin' out o' Wipers; it ain't a day too soon.*

The blighters that relieve us, we'll treat 'em fair and kind,
They're welcome to the souveneers what we 'ave left behind.

*Good-bye, Wipers, though I 'opes it is for good,
It 'urts me for to leave yer—I little thought it would.*

MAJOR BLOMFIELD, R.A.M.C.,
55th Div.



THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT

By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

MY niece Louisa is coming to pay us a visit at Chamneys. She is a bright, pleasant girl, and Angela says we must do everything we can to amuse her. "A tennis tournament," she said, "would be great fun, and we can make it a two-days' affair."

Unfortunately we could not, by any effort, muster more than four couples. This is not a populous neighbourhood and most of the people round us are too old to play tennis. Angela counted the possible players over and over again, and could not make more than eight of them.

"You and I and Louisa," she said. "That's three, and the two Wilson boys, that's five; Elsie and Rose Long, that's seven; and that young man who's staying with the Smiths, that makes eight. Can you think of anyone else?"

"No," I said. "I can't. And that won't be near enough. Four couples, each playing all the others, would give us—"

I am not very good at mental arithmetic, but I worked the thing out with pencil and paper, and found that we should get six matches. That was not enough for one afternoon, and we were contemplating two.

"We might play it twice over," I said. "Once on Tuesday and once on Wednesday. The result would be sure to be different."

"How would it do," said Angela, "if everybody played with everybody else, as well as against everybody else? Not two men together, of course, or two girls. But a man and a girl each time. That would give us more matches, wouldn't it?"

"I'm not sure that I catch the idea," I said.

"Well," said Angela, "suppose you play with me first. You'd have to play against the two Wilson boys and the young man who is staying with the Smiths, and they'd be playing with Elsie and Rose and Louisa."

"That would be three matches," I said, "and then the elder Wilson, who'd play with Elsie, we'll suppose, would play his brother and Rose, and then meet Louisa and the anonymous young man. That's what I have just worked out, and it would give us six matches."

"But according to my plan," said Angela, "you'd also play with Louisa."

"I couldn't have two partners," I said, "and if I did the Smiths' young man would have none."

"He'd have me," said Angela.

"That comes to the same thing," I said. "If you choose to play with him and leave me and Louisa I don't mind; but it will only come to six matches either way."

"It'll come to more," said Angela, "if you do it the way I say. First play with me against everybody. Then you play with Louisa against everybody. Then with Elsie, then with Rose. And the three other men do the same."

"I see," I said. "I'd play with four different partners against the three other

men. That would give me nine matches, I think. And each of the other players would get the same. That would make thirty-six matches altogether."

"More, I think," said Angela. "You begin with me, and we play, say Jack Wilson and Elsie. Then we play Jack Wilson and Rose, then we play Jack Wilson and Louisa. That's three. Then you take on Elsie, and you play Jack Wilson and me, and Jack Wilson and Rose, and Jack Wilson and Louisa. How many is that? Six, isn't it? But you've still got to play with Rose and Louisa, and Jack Wilson still has to play with the others, so you'd have at least twelve matches against him."

"I don't think that can be right," I said. "You're calculating on one girl playing on two sides at the same time, which is impossible."

"Say eleven matches for you, then," said Angela, "and eleven for each of the others. That would make eleven times eleven times eleven. Good gracious! It'll be thousands."

"I fancy," I said, "that we ought to add those elevens instead of multiplying them. Then it would come to eighty-eight."

"Even so," said Angela, "we wouldn't get through it in two days. Because there are four girls as well as the men, and they'd each have eleven matches, which would make eighty-eight more."

"There must be a mistake somewhere," I said. "It's impossible for a girl to have eighty-eight different partners when there are only four men."

"Anyhow," said Angela, "let's try it. We'd certainly get enough matches for two afternoons."

"If your calculations are anywhere near right," I said, "we'll get enough to last for six months, and Louisa is only coming to us for a fortnight."

That tournament begins to-morrow. It will be interesting to see how long it lasts.

THE LITTLE BATH OF MEMORY

By TUBBY.

IN "New June" flat at 50, Great Tower Street, where occasionally I pass the night, there is contrived one bath room with bath to match, so small that at first they defeat a grown man—whether grown in longitude or latitude. I began by taking defeat, literally lying down. Now, however, a wiser way has been revealed. I now fill the bath with water to taste (figuratively speaking), take some New Junior from his bed, plunge him into the bath and standing at the further end (*i.e.*, in the corridor) receive the refreshment of the tidal wave which his immersion brings about. He, for his part, experiences nothing worse than a chilling contact with damp enamel. I get the bath.

By a similar process I propose the next few numbers of the JOURNAL to get into cold water by plunging two or three of my dearest friends in Toc H into premature publicity. I am going to place on record—while this one is holiday-making and that one too busy to defend himself—an old man's memory of how they first came into Toc H.

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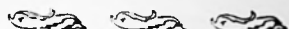
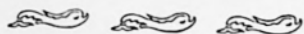
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You must know, my friends (here the old voice faltered and the requisite steps were taken to fortify it against the strain of its melancholy monologue) that during most of the year 1919, I was, with many of my friends, residing in a jail; and the jail in question was not only one of the largest but also the most obsolete in the whole country.

Its popularity and population had dwindled to a low ebb even before the War; no wonder, then, if it should remain idle during the year after the Armistice. We took over Knutsford—for that was its name—at a cost of occupation almost as nominal as that charged to its customary patrons. We filled it with a crowd of men who contrasted oddly with the gloom of their surroundings. To these the huge “K,” which its four great wings created on the ground-plan, became a portent of a Kingdom to be built, as a few years before the same letter K (of K) had subscribed their warrant against a menace to be overthrown. To a life of service we had been led forth from the furnace into this place, whose wealth was to the wills of men surrendered to the working of God. Moving among these men were those who taught and trained them. For my part, I could only look on, for I could teach them nothing save what not to be—so I went on sorting many letters and writing a few.

DIFFICULT WATERS.

In November, 1919, on the night of the 14th, I made a sortie to London, bringing as my Achates a man more prone to thinking than I. On landing, chilled and chap-fallen, we made our way to a great club. Our present task was to concoct the first prospectus of Toc H, required at the inaugural lunch party later on that unlovely day. Like men with nothing better to do, we breakfasted with inglorious intensity. Next a great figure passed us by, one under whom, in war days, we had both obscurely served. We accosted him, were overwhelmed by his ready friendship, and talked old days and newer hopes—and still our day’s task was not begun. Finally we got down to it and constructed the outline of our brief.

Now how to get it typed and duplicated? We must have forty copies by one o’clock, or Toc H could not be born, even upon paper. We left the club to find some place—how likely at midday on a Saturday!—where two ill-dressed, weary and impecunious strangers could have this miracle of multiplication performed while they waited. At the end of the street stood a derelict hive of military magnificence, guarded by some sentries with retroussé bayonets. I had heard of a humorist stepping up to one of these and, with unforeseen alacrity, using it to nick his cigar. But I knew that sentries, even when a war to end war is ended, can seldom lay aside their arms to indulge in typewriting at the behest of passers-by. On a sudden, next door to the Club itself, a notice met my eye. It was the headquarters of a Corporation whose name was familiar to me as touching the insurance of my much-enduring Clyno motor-cycle. Recently I had had a smash which had cost them, without a murmur, my premium for ten years. But in person I had never darkened their doors.

In a dull despair we turned in beneath the sign. A boy stood behind a counter, and I started to frame a phrase which might intrigue this youthful and alert antagonist. Even as I did so, he shrank into insignificance. The awful (no, not awful) figure of the General Manager himself brushed past. The game was up. I turned to retreat. But it was too late.

"What is it?" he was saying. "You want to see someone. Well, come and see me. Why not? I've got some time free. I'll hear your business myself this morning. It keeps one in touch, you know, in touch. This way to my quarters—don't forget it another time. If the business isn't pressing" (not pressing!) "we'll smoke. Fond of fishing? I am, very. Down at Rye, now—you know Rye. Quaint old place. . . ."

We sat on the edges of our chairs, Nicholson and I, and talked feverishly about fishing. We knew that we *were* fishing at that moment, playing a monster on a bent pin and piece of cotton. The handsome office clock ticked on majestically. Our cigars went out for the tenth time. Never were normal clients so agitated; the matter must be something on a big scale. The great man looked from one to the other of us inquiringly. And then the crisis came.

"Well now," he said, "what is it? I'm sorry I've kept you waiting. You were coming in to see about some——"

Then the flood-gates broke. "We want to get some typing done," I said. "That's all."

"Typing——" he said, with the thoughtful care of a man who is certain he has missed the key word of a sentence. "Did you say *typing*? Surely. . . ."

"Yes," said I, "typing, and the thing's like this. You see. . . ." and I told him everything in one long sentence without a single comma.

"Well," he replied, "it's an odd business certainly, but I suppose I'm the only man anywhere here who could get this done at 12.30 on a Saturday. So. . . ." and he pressed a bell.

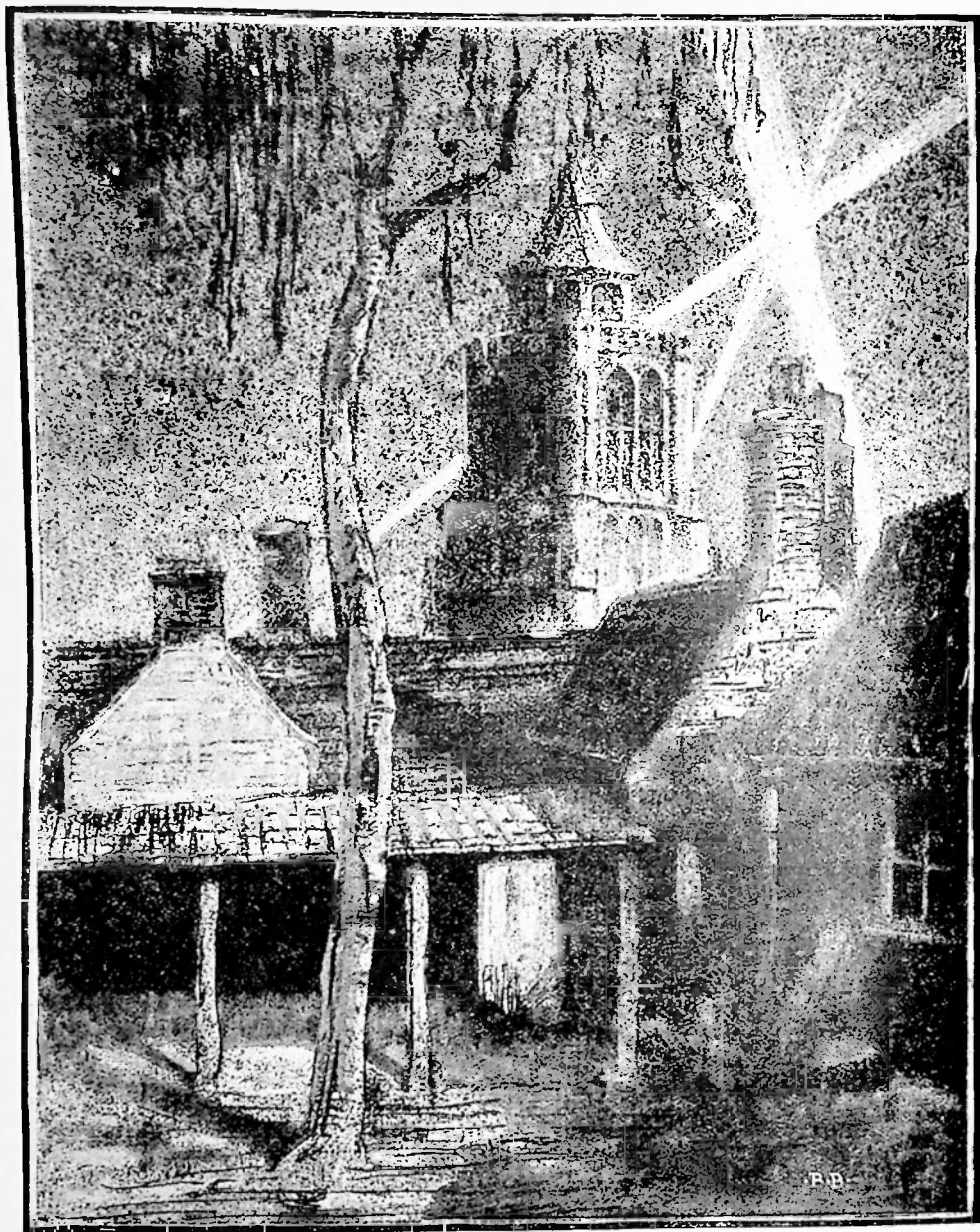
The head stenographer (one of a personal staff of sixteen, if I remember right) appeared, and had the position explained to her. We dictated, both of us, at breakneck speed. She disappeared. We offered to do likewise, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"Tell me more about your plans," he said. "You mustn't think that I. . . ." And then he told us something of the need, as he saw it, within that room day by day, and from that office window.

Incredibly quickly fifty cyclostyled copies, more neat than natural, were in our hands. We tried to thank but were forbidden. "Come again gladly, when you want anything we can do," he said.

We did. The Central Executive of Toc H now meets every month in the board-room next his sanctum, and he is one of its most indispensable officers, and untiring voluntary workers for Toc H.





POPERINGHE: "Jerry's Up!"

"POP." COMES INTO THE PICTURE.

These notes from the War diary of H.A.T. in the early Spring of 1915 are specially interesting for their record of the earliest bombing and shelling of Poperinghe. They belong to the experimental days, long before the cry of "Jerry's up!" went the nightly round of the town and sent billeted troops, humorously cursing, and civilians, more stolidly patient, to waste hours of the night in inadequate cellars. Tragedy was often strangely mixed with comedy.

The drawing on the opposite page belongs to a later time, the winter of 1917. It was the clearest possible frosty night. B.B., crossing the back-yard of the Cercle Catholique in the Rue de Boeschepe, was moved by the extraordinary splendour of moonlight and shadow on the tower of St. Bertin's Church to rout out an old oil-colour box which was on the premises and then and there to make a feverish sketch, standing and painting by the light of the moon. The record was complete enough by the time the searchlights began to sweep the sky and the warning went round. The ink drawing reproduced here is a faithful transcript, made later, of the original oil-sketch.

A CERTAIN NUMBER of British troops must have passed through Poperinghe before Christmas 1914, when our forces were hurriedly moved up from the Aisne. The "line" in front of Ypres was at that time held by the French and Belgians. My first visit to Pop. was on February 4, 1915, when Headquarters V Corps (G.O.C., Sir Herbert Plumer) moved up from Hazebrouck to take over the town from the French who were pulling out of the zone. Our Corps H.Q. took over a large house in the Rue de Boeschepe, and billets were found in the crowded town for the staff and attached units, which included the North Irish Horse, the R.E. Signal Company, Corps Troops Supply-column, &c. Poperinghe itself had not yet seriously felt the effects of the War, and, though stocks of food and forage were running low, the life of the inhabitants was fairly normal. About this time one of the first cinemas with the B.E.F. was opened in the Rue d' Ypres by the 6th Division, and was a great success.

Ypres itself had already been considerably knocked about, but several shops and cafes were still trying to "carry on"; Vlamertinghe and Dickebusch had suffered somewhat but were still more or less health resorts for troops out of the Line.

THE FIRST BOMBS.

It was not until the area became more densely populated with our units and new railways were being constructed that the Germans turned their attention to bombing and shelling it. Up to that time enemy planes had been content with flights of a mile or two only over the line.

The first visit to Pop. of a German aeroplane was at 2.25 p.m. on March 12, 1915. Two bombs fell in the Grande Place. Six civilians were killed and twelve injured, and many shop-windows were smashed. At 4.30 p.m. on the same day

a second visit took place and again two bombs fell. One, by the church on the Abeele Road, completely destroyed two motor ambulances and the windows of a H.Q. mess; the other, falling in the brewery near a line of lorries, fortunately did not explode. All these bombs were comparatively small—or would have seemed so to men accustomed to the big ones used in later stages of the War. At first the spectacle of a plane overhead caused a good deal of excitement, and the civilian population—without considering whether it was friend or foe—gazed skyward whenever one was sighted.

MORE VISITATIONS.

The next visit by enemy machines was on March 29, when again two bombs were dropped—this time near the aerodrome on the Elverdinghe Road. Looking in my diary I see that this was considered good shooting.

On April 12, between 6.30 a.m. and 7 a.m., our anti-aircraft guns opened a heavy fire against a small fleet of Taubes, which managed, before being driven off, to drop a few bombs around the aerodrome and the railway-station. Between 5 p.m. and 6 p.m. that day the Taubes came again, and this time had an easy passage, as our anti-aircraft guns had moved forward to Ypres during the day.

These little visits began to be rather a nuisance to the inhabitants of the town who did not like the ordinary pursuits of their quiet life interrupted. They were beginning to feel that they had been safer before British units were billeted in the town, but they were glad to welcome the troops passing through who purchased their vegetables and filled their cafés.

THE FIRST USE OF GAS.

April 22 was the famous day on which the Germans first used asphyxiating gas. The French line opposite Brielen was broken, causing rather a panic. As far as Pop. was concerned, all troops had to stand to arms, and all vehicles under repair had to be made as mobile as possible. Practically the whole of Ypres was on fire, a sight easily visible from the church towers of Poperinghe. Vlamerlinghe station was shelled about 7 p.m. that day, a Taube having given the location by dropping lights. Next day there was a large movement of our cavalry and infantry trekking through Pop. on their way to the front. Streams of motor ambulances passed through the streets. Hospitals filled up, and it was necessary to pitch bell tents to cope with the extra number of the wounded. Throughout that night a terrific bombardment, clearly heard in Pop., raged along the front.

THE FIRST SHELLING.

At 7.30 next morning (April 24) Pop. received its first shelling which lasted about an hour and a half. The kitchen of the officers' mess to which I was attached was blown to bits, one soldier killed and the other four or five in the room all wounded—two severely. My batman and my small hound, "Peter," were luckily not in the mess at the moment. "Peter" met his death a few

weeks later under the wheels of a Belgian car. One of the Corps Intelligence Officers put this epitaph over his grave :—

O, Bishop, leave this grave unblest'd,
For here lies Peter now at rest—
No Christian but a little dog,
Run over by a Belgian hog.

On the morning of the 25th German 'planes flew over the town and, instead of dropping bombs, gave smoke signals, the meaning of which we were soon to learn. At 2.30 p.m. Pop. was shelled for some time—shells arriving at regular intervals of ten minutes, but luckily some were "duds." This shelling was carried on by a German railway-mounted gun which moved from time to time to pay its attention to other parts of the line, until it was eventually put out of action by us. The chief casualties that afternoon occurred among the nuns in a convent close to Corps H.Q.

THE FIRST EVACUATION.

On the third day, April 26, 12-inch shells began to arrive in Pop. at 4.10 p.m., and some big explosions occurred. The first one dropped only a few yards from Corps H.Q. Orders for the move of H.Q., already contemplated were issued, and we were on the move by 6 p.m. Darkness was coming on, and there was much congestion on the only road leading to Abeele, the site of our new Headquarters. Besides military transport there was a vast quantity of civilian traffic as the people evacuated the town. Straggling families and their slow-moving carts helped to block the way, for it must be remembered that our traffic control had not yet become as efficient as it was later to be. It took many of our heavy lorries three or four hours to travel a distance of as many miles to Abeele. There were, as always on such occasions, many pathetic sights and many requests from Belgians for lifts on our already overloaded transport. This evacuation of Pop. by V Corps H.Q. was, of course, quite a minor event. It was made because Abeele was then out of shelling range and the work of H.Q. could thus escape interruption, and also in the hope of saving Poperinghe from greater damage.

"POP." BEFORE "TALBOT HOUSE."

These brief notes only refer to the months of February, March and April, 1915. Talbot House had not come into being, and the only form of club for our men was a Soldiers' Institute near the Grande Place, where I well remember attending a 7 a.m. service on Easter Day (April 4), 1915.

Thousands of men, who passed through the old place later, have their own stories to tell, but perhaps some members of Toc H may care for this glimpse of the early days.

H. A. T.

* * * * *

WHEN you have repeated aloud the following everyday dialogue for the seventh time, write down what you have last said.—OLD LADY (*to travelling tinker mending cans at her gate*): "Are you copper-bottoming 'em, my man?" TINKER: "No, I'm aluminiuming 'em, mum."

THE OLD SONGS: A PARENTAL REBUKE

And so you find them somewhat thin,
The songs that made your sire to grin
When mid-Victorian modes were in ?

You snort at that historic wit
Which once provoked in stall and pit
The frequent apoplectic fit ?

The hoar and hallowed tag that got
Home on the intercostal spot
Now seems the most amazing rot ?

Yet were it rash, my boy, for you
To entertain the impious view
(Held, as I hear, by one or two),

That, Humour having changed its
style
From what inspired your parent's
smile,
His taste was relatively vile.

'Tis true that Time has dulled the
fame
(Almost, I fear, beyond reclaim)
Of *Champagne Charlie* is my name ;

'Tis true that rolling years obscure
The subtle charm, the fine allure,
That underlay *The Perfect Cure* ;*

But, *en revanche*, the vogue of rhymes
Which you have heard a hundred
times
Emitted by your favourite mimes—

The last comedian's lyric verse
On which you waste your nightly
purse—
Affect me like a funeral hearse ;

Or would, at least, affect me so
If I could be induced to go
To this depressing kind of Show.

Therefore, my son, if you are wise,
You will observe without surprise
The wayward shifts of Humour's
guise ;

Nor deem another's taste is cheap
If where you laugh he wants to weep,
Or giggles while you go to sleep.

You, too, in turn, may have a son,
And marvel how he finds his fun
In wheezes where you notice none.

For here, on this terrestrial ball,
Nations and markets rise and fall,
But Humour wobbles most of all.

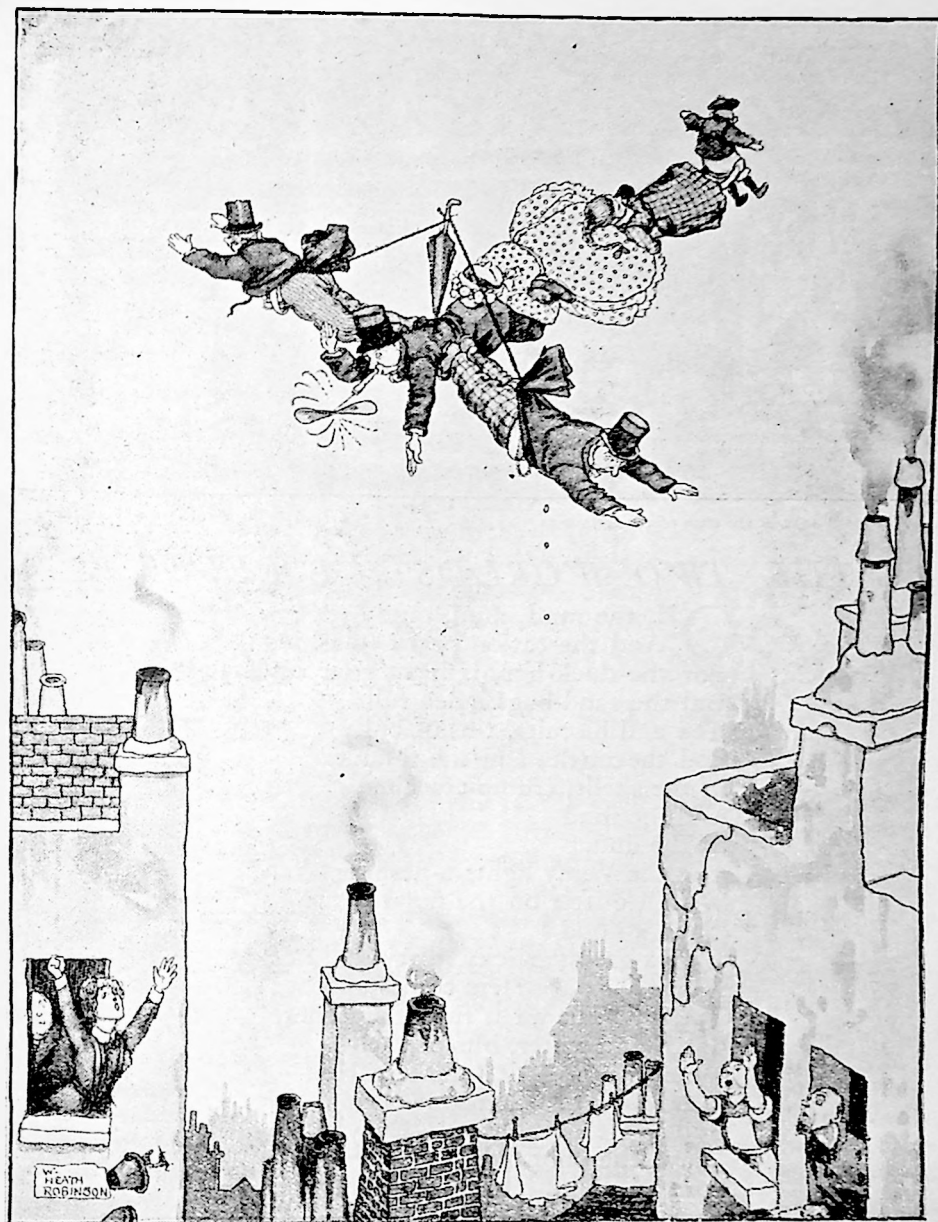
No man may say, with hand on breast,
Challenging Time to be its test,
"Lo ! I have wrought a Cosmic Jest."

And he alone of other folk
Can still be stable as an oak,
Who never made, or saw, a joke.

OWEN SEAMAN.

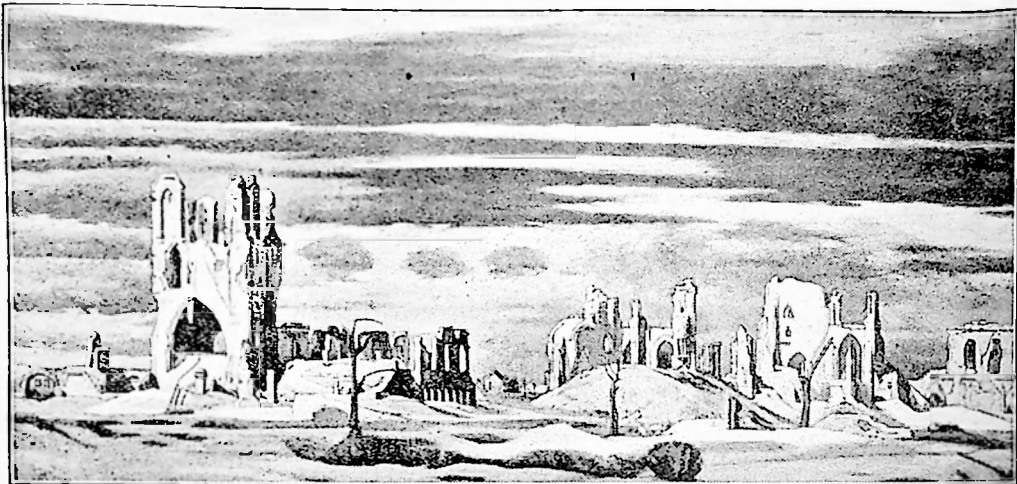
* The following extract illustrates the tenor of what has been described as "a colossal success of another generation" :—

"With my hi gee-wo,
There I do go,
For I'm the perfect cure."



AN EXTREMELY PERILOUS EXPERIMENT BY A WELL-KNOWN
AERONAUTICAL FAMILY.

Drawn by W. HEATH ROBINSON.



THE RUINS OF YPRES at the time of the Armistice

From a drawing by PROFESSOR WILL ROTHENSTEIN

THE TWO WORLDS: *A REVERIE*

O H, the mud, mud, mud !
 And the ration party splashing
 (For the duck-boards have gone under) ;
 And the sand-bags laden fully
 (Tea and biscuits, tins of bully) ;
 And the rattle, and the thunder
 Of the shells, crump-crashing,
 And the thud
 Of the dud,
 And the Verey lights a-flashing
 With a glitter on the flood
 (Such a flood !
 Such a greasy, sticky, dirty sort of flood !)
 Whine ! Roar ! Here comes another !
 CRASH ! The air is full of smother,
 Earth and water, bits of shell
 Whizzing past—it's dark as Hell—
 What's that ? Someone crying "Mother" ?
 God ! He's caught it !—On you go.
 Leave the poor old beggar lying :
 Tom will bind him up : he's dying,
 But he may be dying slow.
 Let the stretcher bearers know.
 We are wanted in the line : on we go.

* * * * *

The gentle wind sighs, and is gone : the leaves
 Turn over in their sleep, and rest again.
 The stars are shadowed in the quiet stream.
 The air is full of summer scents : of sounds
 Half-heard—the rustle of the wakeful kine,
 Chirping of crickets, and the moor-hen's call.
 Across the bridge, dark shadows on the grey
 Mark the deep eaves, the doorways, rose-entwined,
 Of homes where men and women, old and young,
 Sleep peaceful and secure.—Can, can this be
 The universe that held that other world ?
 Or is that other but an evil dream,
 A phantom growth of the disordered brain ?

* * * * *

Give answer, Cross, that shines, half mystical,
 There in the starlight by the little town,
 Pledge of our love that did not die with Death,
 Sign of a Love that paved the way for Life.

*"The tortured Christ draws all men to Himself :
 The tortured world, when it lost self, found Him.
 Nor Peace nor War is Truth, but only Love."*

H. F. B.

SMIKE : A SOLDIER AND A MAN.

BY ALEXANDER PATERSON.

THE War convulsed our Empire and laid bare her roots. Varied were the strata thus exposed, many were the surprises that her ordinary sons held in store for us. Homes on which the sun had never shone produced gallant officers of confidence and good address ; men whose birthright in the land had been so scanty that poverty and prison had seemed to be their inevitable fate, gave all they had with a cheery curse.

Smikey was a denizen of the Edgware Road. His memories of early days were sadly incomplete. There had been a home, but disaster overtook it while he was still at school. A married sister provided some sort of anchorage, but the discipline of an elder brother-in-law was rather a strain, and Smikey decided to shift for himself. He had sold papers in Oxford Street since he was ten, escaping from school during the flat race season in order not to miss his harvest, and attaching himself to another school when the steeplechasing began. It was not, therefore, difficult at fourteen to be independent, and treat his brother-in-law as an equal. The sale of newspapers in the street is a life of chance and leisure. Profits are easily earned (50 per cent. on every shilling invested), and there are normally no trade losses. He had learned little at school, because attendance had been irregular, and when he did go he was tired and listless.

A school desk was a place where he might rest his head upon his arm after a long morning round with the papers. In the street he had learned a great deal. All the instincts of the hunted grew upon him. He knew the policeman's tread afar off, he could play upon the pity of the soft-hearted, anticipate the lavish and excited sportsman, please the curious with his ready cheek, dodge a blow, and catch a sixpence. His earnings ranged from £1 a week to £3, according to the issues of national excitement. Sport, crime, divorce and politics—in this order did current events enrich him. Racing men were, above all others, his best customers, and so vitally was this form of sport connected with his means of existence that he himself became a follower of odds. No race passed in which he did not risk a little of his earnings. Usually he lost, for the bookmaker thrives on the millions of youngsters who have never seen a race. When he did win, he was not free from the toils of chance. For there are intervals between the issues of evening newspapers when boys foregather and seek the shelter of some waste ground on which to play brag or banker. Here Smike would lose his winnings on the Derby; and conversely, if he won "arf a quid" on the waste ground, he would lose it philosophically on the Oaks. Life was a succession of good and bad luck, and the future held no terrors or delights. The idea of getting a regular job did occasionally figure on the horizon, but there were two main difficulties. He would have to "make himself respectable" and get "someone to speak for him." Now Smike did not look respectable, and he lived for the most part in a common lodging-house. His coat was much too large for him, his trousers depended on string rather than buttons, his cap had been used for carrying, sweeping, cleaning, rubbing and hitting all sorts of sticky things. Occasionally he bought a coat or a pair of trousers from a man in the lodging-house, who found in the possession of surplus clothes the means of meeting his thirst. But these things were ill-matched and ill-fitting. Boots were rarely watertight. They cost too much to mend. It was cheaper to find another pair and to make the best of things. The lad suffered in the usual way from lack of care in early days. There was some obstruction which caused him to enunciate words very imperfectly through a single nostril and rendered him partially deaf. His teeth decayed early, and he was constantly forced to pay sixpence for patent toothache cures. Ice cream, cigarettes, and jam tarts, coupled with the lack of dentist or tooth brush, served to aggravate the trouble on a windy day. At eighteen he was narrow-chested, because he did not breathe properly, wiry but not muscular, active but not strong, capable of endurance rather than effort. Independence had taught him perforce to look after himself, and he was not afraid to put up his fists to a fellow half as big again as himself. Frequently he emerged with credit, and always with an explanation.

When days were unlucky, Smike had thought of the army as a possible refuge. Once he had tried to enlist, but the Sergeant was rude about his chest measurements, and said the infantry was not for infants.

When the war came, Smike was probably about nineteen, and he followed the crowd, as he had always done when anything unusual was astir, and found himself inside the depot of a famous Territorial battalion. He told a dozen people

his name and all the little he knew about himself, and in exchange was given a long number, which he promptly forgot, to the annoyance of everyone else. He was fairly sure he was a British subject, a little hazy about his religion, until the Corporal snappily explained that he must be C. of E., because he hadn't said he was a Catholic. He smoked and spat in the wrong places, held the Bible in the wrong hand, swore to serve King George's "'airy successes," and was pronounced a soldier. The medical officer had grave doubts about him, but the lad seemed keen, and might fill out in time.

"All these 'ere recruits will parade 'ere to-morrow morning at nine sharp in their own clothes, and don't let me 'ave any one of you young Arabs comin' in at 'arf past, or you'll be *for* it, you're soldiers now, and you can't 'ave it both ways." Thus the sergeant in a noisy gasp without pause, inflection or aspirate, with the look of hopeless disgust that the sight of recruits in mufti always brings to the seasoned face of the old soldier.

"What's 'e say?" asked Smike of Bill, who was lacing up his boots beside him. "Ain't they going to pay us nothink for this?"

"Says 'e's 'ot stuff and wants to see yer lovely face at nine to-morrow; sha'nt be out of kip by then meself. 'E can come and fetch me. I ain't going to be messed about, not by the likes of 'im, anyway."

* * * * *

The months in training at Barnet passed pleasantly enough. Smike was always in trouble, but the company, and indeed, the regimental orderly room, is a kindlier place than the police court, and Army punishments had small terror for a child of the streets. His personal habits were none too clean. The least cute of Corporals described his ears as a vegetable garden; shaving was formerly an occasional luxury on a Bank Holiday, and could not quickly be regarded as a regular necessity. Five times was he ordered by a choleric company commander to have his hair cut short before he finally succumbed to the loss of his fringe. His face seemed to gather all the dust of the road, his tunic drew the grease from every dixie, his trousers were a Cubist picture in black and brown. His rifle suffered from excess of oil and lack of care, the bolt jammed with grit, the barrel was like a sooty chimney which someone had mistaken for a drain. The orderly sergeant, when inspecting arms, shuddered and looked fiercely at Smike, who always had five excuses:—(1) It wasn't his rifle; some fellow had pinched his and left this one; (2) he couldn't get any four-by-two; (3) he had lost his pull-through; (4) he hadn't had time since they came in from the field day; (5) he had cut his finger and couldn't clean it properly.

He was, indeed, a terrible offence upon parade, uniform ill-fitting, buttons missing, puttees festooned like Christmas garlands in an inebriate's home, equipment lop-sided, standing on one foot, scraping the ground as he marched, turning to the left instead of the right, a cigarette behind his ear, a little flag in his cap. The sergeant spent every adjective he knew upon him, wore his blasphemy threadbare, invented a new and special hell for him. But Smike bore it unmoved, and, when it was over, said to Bill, beside him, "What's 'e saying of? 'Ot stuff, our sergeant." Among the men in the company he fared well enough.

He was slow to be angry, but quick with his tongue, despite the indistinctness of his speech, and ready with his fists. Like every lad that ever had red hair, his temper rose and fell like a switchback, and he fought with rare spirit when required. Men were sorry for him because he was always in trouble, looked hungry, and found his pack and rifle too heavy for him. "Give it to old SMIKE, he'll eat it," when anything was left over from dinner. "'Ere you are, SMIKE boy, get hold of these, do you good," when a parcel from home was being opened. "Come on, chuck us up your pack. It's no good falling out—you'll have just as far to go," when the way was long and the webbing cut into the shoulder.

The days in France taxed him heavily. Long marches with a pack that was even heavier than before, short nights of broken sleep in damp and hard places; digging and carrying parties, combined with the necessary punishments, for being always dirty, in the wrong place and doing things upside down, nearly broke his spirit. But when the battalion was out of the trenches, SMIKE showed the wonderful recuperative powers of the London boy. He drank more than his fill of beer in the canteen, mastered a few words of the Franco-British tongue, kicked a football and put on the gloves. Sometimes he grew very tired and sick. He always had a cold and usually toothache. To those who helped him in small ways at these moments he showed for ever afterwards a trust and affection that may not be measured in words. On Sundays he listened to the preacher with an open mouth and head on one side. God and Christ were powerful people, and he used their names when he wanted to swear with emphasis. He had two contradictory ideas about Church and religion which he made no attempt to reconcile. One confined the practise of religious habits to good people, of whom he naturally could not be one, because he was an ordinary rough fellow and always in trouble; the other idea very definitely condemned all churchgoers as hypocrites who made great pretensions to virtue, but were really worse rogues than other people. But as he never thought much about it all, there was no need to worry.

He grew to find in beer and wine and rum a relief from the strain of hardship and danger. He drank all he could get for his few francs and often the others would treat him, for he was obviously a degenerate lad unfit for the rough life, and the simplest way to recognise the fact was to offer him another glass of beer. Life in the open air patched up his health and he grew a little. But the adverse factors of a soldier's life weighed against him heavily; the rain gave him rheumatism, marching cut his feet. He was too much of a kid to be always reliable in the trenches. The bursting of a succession of shells and mortars near at hand sent him cowering against the sand bags, but the prospect of personal combat warmed his heart, and at night time he was with difficulty kept from firing on his own comrades patrolling in the front of the trench. At last his turn came and a splinter of shell sent him home to England. Here he should have stayed in a reserve unit. He had served for six wet months and was not fit any more. But the selection of men for drafts was in the hands of a strange body of officers, some too old to serve abroad; others returned from the front as failures. The very fact that SMIKE had served abroad was to them some proof of his fitness to

return. So while the professional boxers hid their soft skins in the security of Grove Park and base camps, proving their unfitness by an occasional 20-round contest in the ring, young Smike was sent again to France as soon as his wound had closed. He staggered up to the line again, and was acclaimed by such as remained of his old comrades in the platoon—"Reinforcements up, Smike's come back to finish the war."

But he only stayed a short time. He struggled along through the mud losing his kit as an old sack drops potatoes on a bumping road, a sore trial to his sergeant and an object of obloquy to those in higher command, till the friendly Boche hit him again with a piece of shell. A period in hospital ensued, and before the Armistice came he was demobilised.

* * * * *

How does he fare in these more discriminating days of peace? He returned almost immediately to sell papers in Oxford Street. There was no other means of livelihood so obvious, and Smike being a man of appetite and receptivity rather than idea and enterprise, was unlikely to explore fresh avenues. The army could hardly be expected in time of war to teach him any craft save that of killing men, and that is no career for the long years of peace. The gain in cleanliness and discipline, the advantages of open air life and common action, disappeared in a few months. They were in any case more than balanced in the case of Smike by other influences which have remained as permanent part of his life. He has less initiative than before, when he was small and cheeky and lived by his wits. He is inclined to wait for an order, to regard himself as permanently "off parade," and therefore free to do as he likes.

Rheumatism reminds him of the days when his feet were in the mud. He draws a small pension and has a big grievance. Beer is now a necessary of life for him. He spends far too much time and money at the noisy crowded counter, where men and women barter the earnings of a day's toil for a few hours of forgetfulness. Now more than ever before is Smike a child of the street detached from that ordered world of regular employment, settled homes, summer holidays, Parliamentary votes, spare suits and sewing machines. He retains affection for the comrades who carried his rifle and shared grub with him, calling to see them at preposterous hours, when he has been unlucky and is "up against it." He never had much of a chance in life and the years in the army pushed him down the incline a little more quickly. Drink, a narrow chest, irregular hours, rheumatism and pneumonia must form his closing chapter. But the old platoon remember him as a "sticker" who bore all things cheerfully, and carried a stout heart in a poor frame. England had not done much for you, Smike, in the years when you were growing and she waxed prosperous. But when you reached a pseudo-manhood, and her existence hung in doubtful balance you fell in with her other sons and marched away. The ribbons on your waistcoat are frayed and greasy, and you are only one of some million ex-soldiers with no great prospect of life or fortune. But because you offered all to the land that had given you so little, in your weakness you proved our strength. And you shall not be forgotten.

NAIRN~~N~~SHIRE IN JULY.

LONG ere to moor or river the lordly sportsman flies
To regulate his liver with outdoor exercise,
Unfashionably early from Euston forth I speed
And quit town's hurly-burly to wander North of Tweed.

Not mine the joys of stalking the monarch of the glens ;
With much laborious walking over the Cairns and Bens ;
Such sumptuous recreations are far beyond my means ;
I spend my brief vacations 'mid less exalted scenes.

Yet though bereft of treasures which wealth and speed bestow,
We humble have our pleasures, and do not deem them slow.
We golf, we bathe, we ramble ; we turn our tint to bronze,
And spread, with jam of bramble innumerable scones.

I cherish no ambition the countryside to scour
With odorous expedition at sixty miles an hour :
Mine is the scent of clover, the breath of new-mown hay,
As on my trusty " Rover " I trundle down the brae.

Mine is the fox-glove raising its white and purple spires,
Mine is the broom all blazing with countless golden fires,
Mine is the sunset glory that turns the Black Isle bright,
And mine the mist-wreath hoary that veils it from our sight.

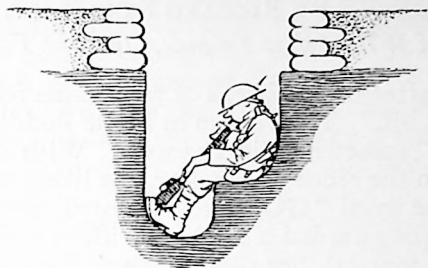
Nor should I fail to mention the charms of Dulsie Bridge,
Where, braving the attention of the incisive midge,
Nairn's eligible daughters repair for lunch or tea
And Findhorn's wooded waters wind darkling to the sea.

Alas ! with lightning fleetness my holiday slips past ;
One never knows its sweetness until the very last
This afternoon with sorrow I leave the North behind,
And in Pall Mall to-morrow resume the usual grind.

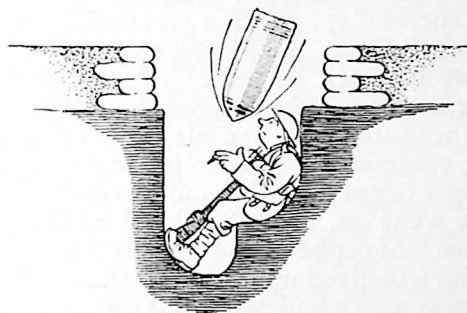
But when my body's pining 'neath London's smoky pall,
Or when the sun is shining down like a brazen ball
On flags that glow like lava, in spirit I'll return
Across the moor by Dava or by the Muckle Burn.

CHARLES L. GRAVES.

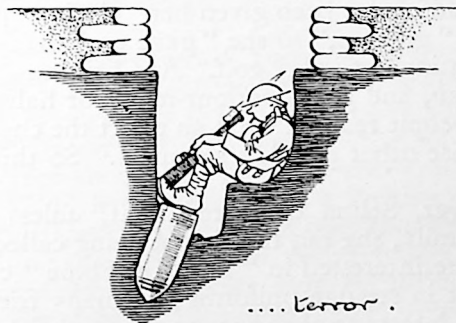
War has been defined as consisting of



.... long periods of utter boredom



.... punctuated by moments of extreme



.... terror .

Fougasse

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR.

Drawn by "FOUGASSE."

SELINA : A FRIVOLOUS WAR MEMORY

BY RICHARD KING.

Author of *With Silent Friends, Over the Fireside, &c.*

FOR three months after the outbreak of war Selina felt firmly convinced that she had done her "bit." No woman in Little Puddleston had more friends and relatives fighting "somewhere in France." With the impressive gesture of the middle-aged lady in the recruiting poster, she liked to imagine to herself that she really had cried the word "GO!" to two nephews, three first cousins, four second ones, an uncle (he guarded a railway bridge on a branch line three evenings each week, but no matter), her sister's fiancé, the man who had proposed to her ten years ago, and married another woman six months after, one under-gardener, and a middle-aged chauffeur, none of whom had ever once asked her permission to enlist. Few women had performed the sacrifice of other people more nobly, or more cheerfully, or with a greater belief that the sacrifice would be borne by "sacrificers" alone. So, having seen off, in her mind, two nephews, three cousins, four second ones, an uncle, a future brother-in-law, an old admirer, an under-gardener, and a middle-aged chauffeur, to their various destinations in odd parts of the hostile zone, she felt absolved from further self-sacrifices on her own part, and, consequently, free to pursue the latest fashions and persist in her abortive attempts to get her golf handicap down from eighteen to twelve.

But, alas! as time went on, Selina's "bit" became such a very common "bit." The "sacrifice" of nephews and cousins and men servants paled beside that of the women who had given up husbands and sons and brothers. Indeed, the state of unselfishness which had nobly bid second cousins go forth to battle became, at last, a state of good fortune in comparison with that of widows and orphans whose dear ones had gone out, not only to fight, but to die. They envied Selina, who had no husband, or children, or lover to grieve after and pray for. But, as someone declared, this was not Selina's fault. She would have desired both, had choice been given her. As it was, she had no one very near or very dear to "give up," so she "gave up" everybody she could claim as a relative, and continued to play golf. At Christmas time, however, she did "sacrifice" a footman, and got a parlour-maid for half his wage. It grieved her to find that few people realised what an effort the change had cost her. But people never do realise other people's sacrifices. So things went on until the spring.

By Easter, however, Selina discovered that, unless she could get more "khaki" into the family, she ran the risk of being called a slacker. So many women she knew were interested in "red" or "blue" crosses; so many girls were tramping about in strange uniforms; so many friends had adopted this man, or were writing letters to that one, or cut sandwiches for hungry soldiers, or busied themselves in a hundred activities which bored or enthralled them—activities in which they sought to find forgetfulness. Something must be done, therefore, or Selina feared that she herself would be done for. She, who had

always been the best-dressed woman in Little Puddlestone, who had always been the most ardent golfer at the club (and one of the worst players), the most enthusiastic bridge player (with the most atrocious memory), the most tireless dancer (with the least grace) saw herself as one who, presently, would not count in that neighbourhood over which she had always "queened." It was in the midst of one of her frantic struggles to master the whole art of nursing in twelve lectures that Selina suddenly thought how she could make a splendid and immediate illusion of "sacrifice" if she rubbed up her music and began singing to wounded soldiers. The woman who taught her singing, when Selina found the time to take her lessons, had always declared that her voice would be a beautiful one "if only she practised." Also, Selina knew that she could make a very creditable noise on the piano if listeners yearned for expression and weren't too particular about wrong notes. Yes, indeed, she would sing to soldiers, and nothing but the declaration of peace would stop her! Even then there would be the incapacitated. So one evening she bore down upon the Little Puddlestone Red Cross Hospital, declaring that she had come to sing. As the niece of the man who had given the house (which, in spite of advertisements, he had been unable to let) to the local detachment of the Red Cross, she was assured of a smiling permission. Indeed, the Matron of the hospital gave her a warm welcome—a welcome not entirely uninfluenced by the fact that she was engaged to one of those four second cousins whom Selina had nobly "given up" to fight for their country. An introduction to several of the patients followed. Selina asked them if they were wounded. She asked them how they were shot. She asked them to tell her exactly "how it happened." When they had finished she cried, "Oh dear, isn't this war terrible!" and passed on to the next batch.

"Only *one* bullet?" she demanded incredulously of a man who had his head still swathed in bandages. "What a shame!"

He looked at her for a second in astonishment. Then a faint smile lit up what could be seen of his face beneath the dressings.

"Oh no, Miss," he answered sarcastically. "They turned one of them big siege guns on me as well!"

She asked them if they were married, and, if they were married, then how many children they had, their respective ages, and if they went regularly to school. To the more talkative ones she said that once, when she was "doing" Belgium, she very nearly went to Ypres herself. She believed the information would form a link between them. To these she also imparted the information that an old school friend of hers had married a Belgian doctor, who for years lived at Dixmude. It disappointed her when they told her they had never met him, nor even heard his name. After this, conversation began to wither palpably. Selina felt that there would very soon be nothing left to talk about except the weather. She found "Tommys" very difficult to get on with. With officers it was different, of course. There was always the off-chance that an officer might know a friend of hers, and a mutual friend gives renewed life to a dying conversation at all times. Still she persisted, only as yet half-daunted.

She wanted to know *exactly* how the war was going on, and how soon it would be over, also if it were really true that the Prince of Wales wandered about "No Man's Land" absolutely unattended except by one *aide-de-camp*. (How brave it was of him! But just like our royal family!) She declared fervently that she would have loved to have been a soldier herself, if *only* Nature had made her a man. Nothing would please her better than killing those "horrid Germans." She never had been able to stand them, even in peace time. The men were fat and drank beer; the women couldn't play games, and the German cooking would give an ostrich indigestion. She hoped that every man there had accounted for heaps of Huns. Once, when she was travelling in Germany, a railway porter had been very rude to her, very rude indeed. But how was she to know that the nickel ten-pfennig piece which she proffered him by way of a tip had not the value of a shilling? It looked like it. Besides, he ought to have known that she was an English lady, travelling alone, and been glad to have carried her boxes anywhere without any extra payment whatsoever. Indeed, she seemed to give the impression that way at the back of her mind she considered the war was quite justified, if only as a method of "strafing" the country of that brutal railway-porter. It was too much to hope that one of the "dear boys" to whom she was talking had accounted for him with a bullet.

At last, however, she sat down at the piano and began to sing.

Her songs broke no new ground—rather, they ploughed the already over-ploughed. She sang "*Where my Caravan has rested*," and she sang it with great expression. Indeed, the emotional effect upon herself was apparent to all. Upon the wounded, the effect was not so great. One half left the room, and the other half—well, the other half cried out in a loud stage whisper information to the effect that "they had won! Cheerioh!"

Her second song was "*When the Boys come home*," and that halved the number of her audience again. The remaining smiled their approval. Indeed, one big, strapping fellow, unable to keep his enthusiasm to himself, shouted out that that made him a winner of two blinking dollars since Tuesday. Whereupon he left the ward abruptly. Those who remained, however, begged Selina to sing again—"some of the old favourites." She graciously consented. With all the pathos of which her somewhat "reedy" voice was capable, she sang "*My Little Grey Home in the West*."

But scarcely had she played the first opening bars than a great "whoop" went up from a young Australian soldier warming himself against the stove in the far corner of the room. In a loud voice he cried to the man sitting directly opposite him, "You're a tanner down on me now, old cock. So fork out and looked pleasant!"

Much to Selina's astonishment, Frank passed his friend a coin.

WHAT DID IT ALL MEAN?

Only emotion, Selina felt, could account for the sudden exodus of many who remained of her original audience at the end of that song. "Poor boys!" she said to herself. "Poor boys! I have made them think of home."

And now only two men were left to give her an encore.

To these she sang "*Annie Laurie*." Then, when she had finished, she got up, closed the piano softly, and, with a smile, said, "There, I think that is enough for one day, don't you? If you like I will come round and sing to you to-morrow."

She went to sit down beside one of the men, and took his hand in hers, because she saw that he was blind.

"Poor fellow!" she said pityingly. "How dreadful! I do wish I could help you."

His face suddenly brightened.

"Help me, Miss?" he cried joyfully. "Help me? Oh, Miss, yer *can*! Stride me 'andsome, yer can!"

Selina immediately saw herself as a "ministering angel," holding hands, smoothing brows, and having her photograph taken in uniform.

"Tell me what I can do," she said. "Do please tell me what I can do. Nothing gives me so much pleasure as helping you dear brave boys."

The soldier moved his head in the direction where he knew the other soldier was sitting. Then he grinned. Selina, following his gaze, looked towards the other soldier too. He had been the only one who had really seemed as if he enjoyed her singing and wanted her to sing again. As she looked at him, he smiled at her—and winked!

The blinded soldier leaned towards her. "Oh, we needn't take any notice of old Bill over there. He's stone deaf. He won't hear us!" he said.

Then, speaking in a confidential tone of voice, he continued: "Well, Miss, it's like this 'ere. We chaps 'ave so many young ladies like you coming to sing to us boys that we've got a game up. It's a bit of a gambling game, so yer mustn't let on—not to Sister, I mean. Yer see, you young ladies allers sings us the same kind of songs. If you don't begin with '*Where my Caravan has rested*,' yer start with '*When the Boys come home*.' Of course, there are times when yer "opes" with the '*Little Grey Home*,' and some begins with '*Annie Laurie*.' But it's allers one of them four. So we treats 'em as 'osses. I bet Bill there a tanner that you'd begin with '*Annie Laurie*,' and he put his money on the '*Caravan*.' Well, he won this afternoon, and now I owes 'im a tanner."

He paused for a moment. Selina, beginning to comprehend, withdrew her hand from his.

"Of course, we can back 'em for a place, and that's only threepence. But it's a rare concert when we don't 'ear any of 'em. Mostly we júst stays till we know if we've won or lost. Then we 'ops it. Old Bill over there doesn't know I owe him a tanner, because he doesn't know what you've sung. But I'll tell 'im when you're gone. He won't half be bucked!"

Selina had risen and was making for the door.

"Well, what I reely wanted to ask yer, Miss," said the blinded soldier, groping his way after her, "was this. Yer say as 'ow yer coming ter sing again to-morrow. Well, if you'd be so kind as to begin with '*Annie Laurie*,' I've got a tanner on it wiv that there Aussie. He's got plenty of brass, and so he wouldn't miss it. And I'd be able to send my young lady a Christmas present.

'Annie Laurie' 's the only three-ter-one chance at the beginning, with evens for a place. If I won a three-ter-one, I'd be a dollar up on the week. I could get the 'bird' somethin' with that," he concluded wistfully.

"I shall not be singing here to-morrow," said Selina with dignity. "I don't think I shall sing here again."

"Well, I'm real sorry to hear that," said the soldier, disappointed, following Selina no farther. "Guess the girl'll 'ave ter go without a present this year, after all. We shall be married by next Christmas—so she won't expect one then. Anyway," and something of his old cheerfulness suddenly returned to him, "anyway . . . I've got threepence on '*When the Boys come home*' for a place with Bill at to-night's do. I know who's coming. It's a dead cert. Yer can take it from me!"



A MAN WHO HELPS TO MAKE THE JOURNAL

CHILDREN and all other nice people like riding on the top of a 'bus or tram, above the crowd, members of it but not in it. What other way of seeing the streets can compare with this for lordliness, sociability and cheapness combined? For years past I have played an amusing game—all to myself—on the tops of 'buses and trams. It simply consists in entering the lettering on all the shop signs, which pass at such a convenient level before my eyes, in a beauty competition. The owner of the winning sign occasionally receives the first prize in sixpennyworth of my custom. Out of a hundred signs in an average city street the lettering of quite a number is so ugly as to be almost comic, three-quarters are merely commonplace, a few mildly quaint, and perhaps two are really beautiful. You can play the same game with books and magazines; once catch the trick of noticing type and you won't be able to stop.

The differences which distinguish one "fount" of type (of the sizes commonly used in books)* from another are often minute and it takes a little practice to spot them. You start by *feeling* the general effect. For instance, if a page of the type used in the JOURNAL were to break away (examine each letter in the next two lines) into this "*Old face*" type which was designed by William Caslon (1692-1776), or into a line of this more recent "fount" which is called "*Cheltenham Old Style*," you would feel that there was something wrong, and if you were correcting proofs for the printer, you would scribble "w.f." ("wrong fount") in the margin. The first essential of good type is, surely, to be pleasantly legible, but beyond that

* E.g., the size of type in which this page is printed is called "Pica"; that used on pp. 247-8 is "Long Primer" and that used in this footnote is "Brevier," or in the terms of the American system of measurement, now generally used, "12 point," "10 point," and "8 point" respectively.

there is infinite room for differences of taste. "Caslon Old Face" is a fine type, very commonly used (e.g., in well-printed novels and in the headings of articles in this JOURNAL) nowadays, and the "Cheltenham" series of types pleases many people, though it rather tries my eyes after a bit. *As for this Sort of Thing* in the way of type, it is odd that anyone should have bothered to invent it!



This is not a treatise on printing, for that is a vast and highly technical subject. A few years after the Norman Conquest of England the Chinese were printing books—a page at a time—from a big woodcut block, not with separate letters as are used now. The real pioneer, as everyone knows, was a German, Johann Gutenberg, who began to print with movable types about 1450; there has never been a more far-reaching invention in history. In 1465 the Frenchman Nicholas Jenson, master of the mint at Tours, began at Venice to use the types cut by him, and no finer have been made in Italy to this day. In 1470 three German workmen went to France and printed the first book there, and in 1475 William Caxton, having learnt the art on the Continent, printed the first book in England. As the type used in our JOURNAL is nearly four centuries old and has had a distinguished history some readers may care to know a little about it. It was designed by Claude Garamond in 1540 and "cut" by him. That is to say, he made a set of metal "punches", one for each letter, in each size he wanted, "roman" (or upright), both capital and small (or "lower case") letters, and *italic* (or sloped) capital and "lower case," as well as stops, signs and figures. When such a punch is hammered upon a piece of copper it makes, of course, an exact impression or mould (called a "matrix") into which molten lead can be poured and any number of letters thus cast. If you run through a page of the JOURNAL carefully you will see that Garamond's "romans" are very bold and clear, and his "*italics*" curiously spirited and even fanciful in contrast. Notice little points like the M with the first up-stroke not quite vertical, the T with the two "serifs" (or little tails) at the ends of the cross-piece set at slightly different angles, the "tied" letters st, ct, ffi, ll, tt, ii, and the jolly flourish (what printers call "swash") of Q and k. These are tiny things, but they are what make the character of a type.

And probably these things reflect the character of the artist—for a fine type-founder is an artist. We know only a little about Claude Garamond, but first of all we know that his new type had an immediate success all over Europe. It was called the "*caractères de l'Université*"—doubtless from the fact that all Parisian printers in those days had to live in the University quarter (for "trade union tyranny" is no new thing!) His pupils, Robert Granjon and Guillaume le Be, provided supplies of it, the one in France, the other in Venice. Christoffel van Dijk, a Dutchman, cut copies for Holland, and one John Day brought it to England. But he made an almost greater reputation by his new type for printing Greek

(which would be met with loud protests from our readers if a "highbrow" dared to use it!). This was commissioned by Francis I in 1541, and the King's Printer



held the copyright for its use. Garamond got the designs by watching a young Cretan, Angelos Vergetios, who was "Writer of Greek to His Majesty." Ten years later, Robert Estienne, the King's Printer, had to leave France in a hurry owing to his religious opinions, and he carried off Garamond's "matrices" or moulds for the Greek type to Geneva in

his portmanteau. A duplicate set, left in Paris, was mislaid, and this led to a lot of trouble. For in 1619 the French Clergy, who wanted to print a fine edition of the Greek Church Fathers, sent a portentous petition to the King (Louis XIII) praying him to recover Garamond's matrices from Geneva at the suggested price of 3,000 *livres*. "It is not convenient," they wrote, "for the greatness and honour of this realm to allow things so rare and rich, produced by the good fortune and diligence of past kings, to be carried away, for this is fatal to all good order and tempts the Muses to follow those who possess such ornaments and to abandon this realm." This may seem a lot to say about a fount of type, but the King must have agreed with the clergy, for he bought the matrices back. In 1700 Cambridge University applied to the French for leave to use the Greek type but they fell out over the formula of acknowledgment and gave it up. In 1640 a Royal Printing Works (which since the Revolution has been called "l'Imprimerie Nationale") was founded in France, and its first stock consisted of a complete set of Garamond's type, in which many noble books were printed.

Of the master type-founder's private life we know little. He married Guillemette, the daughter of Pierre Gaultier, his printer. Her brother, Leonard Gaultier (or Galter—for the family was really German) engraved the portraits of him and of Robert Estienne from which a drawing has been made for these pages. They figure in a gallery of "the most famous men who have flourished in France since 1500"—a complete gross of little pictures on one copper plate. Apparently Garamond's art, like most arts, paid him badly, for he went into the bookselling business a little to supplement his income. According to Vitre, a later King's Printer, he died in wretched poverty in 1561. His stock-in-trade was sold up by his widow, and Le Be, his old pupil, bought most of it. In the 18th century this stock came into the hands of Fournier-le-Jeune, a celebrated printer of the time, but fashions had changed, and it lay on the shelf until it finally disappeared. Our own time is beginning to revive this beautiful and historic thing more and more,

and perhaps some readers of the JOURNAL will be interested enough to be grateful to Claude Garamond.



TOC H AND THE N.C.S.S.

MANY people who set out to translate their general good will into particular, practical service find themselves passing through stages at any one of which if faint-hearted, they may feel inclined to give up. The experience of our Branches and Groups is apt to be a corporate repetition of this experience. The first stage is marked by "the-new-boy-at-school" feeling: here we are, but what have we got to do, and shall we be able to do it? And so the Branch or the member is brought up to the first fence by the jobmaster, jibs once or twice perhaps, and then takes it in fine, blundering style. After which the course begins to grow familiar, and the runner settles down to it. And then comes the second stage, at which the course begins to look unexpectedly long, hidden jumps appear, and the great number of runners in the field makes for confusion. The third stage belongs to the experienced; old obstacles hold no surprises, and new ones nothing insurmountable, and the old stager knows that he will often be dead tired, but always kept going by the incomparable zest belonging to his job. At each of these stages the National Council of Social Service can be an invaluable source of strength to Toc H, as Toc H should eventually prove to be to the Council. In the March JOURNAL, the Sheffield jobmaster told us how a Branch of Toc H and of the N.C.S.S. could work together, and his article was followed by some addresses of Councils of Social Service. Sheffield have proved the value of this partnership, Leeds Branch and Croydon Group hold their meetings on the Council's premises, and probably many others of our members are already in touch.

A month or two ago a copy of a recent pamphlet issued by the N.C.S.S., entitled "Social Service in Towns: A Programme," was sent out by our headquarters to all Secretaries of Branches and Groups. Within a space of a dozen packed pages it covers an immense field in the most concise way. Its information much more than supersedes the old Toc H "Opportunities for Service," now out of print. At each of the stages of service it holds out help. At stage III it offers ever new ground; "it will be the distinctive task of Councils to maintain a careful look-out over the whole field of service in order to meet fresh needs and

to ensure continuous progress." The pamphlet contains a wonderful list of bodies (including Toc H) which appoint representatives to the Councils, and tables which show both the scope of public provision and the field for voluntary service in over thirty different directions. Finally, it lays stress on the *personal* side of service—"what is needed is the development of neighbourliness."

The N.C.S.S. also issues (as already announced in the JOURNAL) a monthly *Social Service Bulletin* (3d. a month, or 4s. a year, post free), which is of great value to beginner and expert alike. Its twelve pages provide notes and comments on current questions, a summary of new legislation, Bills before Parliament and Government reports, which makes it possible for any citizen to read the bewildering map of State action, some information about voluntary movements like our own which are at work, and reviews of the best new books on social questions. So ignorance is no longer an excuse, and a Branch can insure itself against it for a very small sum. Do it *now*. Write to the General Secretary of the N.C.S.S., Lionel Ellis (a Toc H member), at Stapley House, 33 Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.1.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE

AS Toc H begins to achieve an international reputation, men of good will across the Channel hasten to our aid. Here, for instance, are two offers of help from France which have recently adorned the editor's post-box. The first, holding out the shortest cut to gaiety, addresses us as "Dear and Honourable Comrades," and goes on:—"To sustain Our Military Institution of after War, that will certainly touch Your great heart, we are offering in sale, One case of 12 Bottles of Royal Cognac of 30 Years of Age, and One case of 25 Bottles of Royal Cremant at Francs: 300.00—each case, these goods manufactured by old Soldiers wounded of the last War. We should be grateful to You if You would take the Two cases or One only of these, doing so a charitable gesture of Military confraternity in favour of Comrades of the great War, who have mixed their blood with the blood of Your generous English Soldiers, during the last War.—Hoping You kind reply, we remain, Dear and Honourable Comrades, etc."

We yield to none in our gratitude to these Comrades for mixing their blood, but the mixing of our drinks, especially brandy and champagne, wants thinking over.

The second friend wishes us to have the best car for Toc H work. "The motor," he writes, "is a 2 cylinders 85-96, 10 HP, which is perfectly cooled by wind; the radiator being suppressed, the motor is easily accessible. The magneto and carburator have both command on the fly-wheel of direction. The bridge back, quite resisting has a dented wheel for the transmission chain, which comport no differential because of the slighthness of the car. . . . The coupling-gear and change of speed are together in the same apparatus very simple, although being commanded separately, once with hand, one with foot; no more rouages, gear, etc to get the motor to hand, you have only to put away the seat. This simplicity is of no damage to the efficacy and the car can run the most difficult roads. The hand and foot bit willact both on the bacs wheels by the intermediary of drums. The suspension is very comfortable because of the springs. The chassis is made of steel, which assure to the car a great slighthness. Besides the seat before the coach, there is a spider behind which can carry one person or two children. . . . Apart a few speciality, all the pieces of the car are manufactured in the very study of the house." We have always preferred a hand and foot bit; it is much safer than the old-

fashioned grip with the eyelids for going round corners. And springs *are* a help for suspension. But this car goes one better than the Ford—with its well-known accessory of a squirrel to pick up the nuts. A spider is surely much neater—though we are still not quite sure whether its function is to rescue Auntie and the terrible twins when they fall out or to consume them when they become too much of a good thing.



"DOUBLE POLAR BEAVER"

P.S.—Lest our friends over the too lightly their labours with now play them a return match word that meets our eye on

Channel should think we take the English Language, we will by translating the first French this page. It obviously means

A BRIEF PROLOGUE TO WINTER

WHEN winter comes—and it comes almost as soon as one has begun to notice the summer—the Toc H (London) A.F.C. (to give the Club its full title) hopes to surpass its last season's record of 121 goals for and 34 against. The Club intends to do its best to make every JOURNAL reader share its triumphs and its defeats, and even emerge from his local estaminet or putting green to utter a very difficult war cry on the touch line from time to time. Hard-fought games, whether played or watched, tend only to strengthen the bonds of friendship, and, over and above its own family, Toc H has many friends in the football world. On September 12 the annual supper (costing a small 5s. or less) takes place, and the following day some hard practice will be the curtain-raiser to the play of the season.

Fixtures and results will be recorded in the JOURNAL each month, but may a few of the more or less special dates be noted in your pocket-books here and now. On September 27 the Reserves play their first round in the A.F.A. Junior Cup, and on October 4 the "A" XI theirs in the A.F.A. Minor Cup. On October 18 the Army (eleven of the total strength) visit New Barnet. November 8, the 1st XI go to Ipswich. November 22, the war cry will be heard at the first round of the Amateur F.A. Cup, unless only the opposing club's supporters are present. December 20, just after the Birthday, will see the 1st XI at Vincent Square (close to Victoria) playing the chosen (by Donald Knight) of the Public Schools, and the same evening the popular and hardy "Annual Smoker" happens. If you want to sample this, you will be wise to wangle an "invite" out of a member of the Soccer club early in the season. On February 14 we take the train (as our car, a No. 11, won't function beyond Liverpool Street) to Cambridge, and play the University for the first time; and for April 4 we have—just hopes! Three teams there are, week in and week out, and now (a mid-week club as well—run in conjunction with our good friends and tenants, the Old Cholmeleians—for those who work too hard. If you hear of "The Sanguinarians" in white (later on, dark white) shirts and blood-orange stockings, you will know they are these same hard workers! Many new players, skill-less and skilful, are needed, and an unlimited company of supporters, so please let no false modesty or indifference delay you from your share in our good times. Among the very average Englishmen, such as ourselves, a game forges many links of fellowship.

STUART.

THE YPRES LEAGUE

AS Toc H had its birth in the Salient, the Ypres League should have a claim on the interest and sympathy of all our members, more especially as its object is to perpetuate the spirit of the defence of Ypres throughout the Empire. That, of course, is largely Toc H's object too, but there is a danger, which will increase as the years go by and as we get bigger and busier, that we shall forget "the hole of the pit whence we were digged" and the atmosphere of dogged endurance amidst which we were born. There is also the more serious danger that our ceremony of the Lamp may become a piece of ritual, and that, when we repeat the words, "We will remember them," we shall actually remember nobody at all. The Ypres League exists to prevent this kind of thing from happening. It has two principal ways of doing this. The first is the quarterly publication of the *Ypres Times*, which is devoted to articles on the fighting in the Salient and kindred topics. It is well illustrated. The second is the beautiful scroll certificate after a design by Bernard Partridge, which is given to every member who either fought at Ypres or lost a relative there. It represents Britannia saluting a field of wooden crosses with the ruins of Ypres in the background, and, framed, it forms a perpetual reminder of the sacrifice made and the honour due thereto.

The subsidiary activities of the League include a travel bureau which issues combined travel and hotel tickets for visitors to Ypres. It publishes maps and guide-books, and is at present marking famous spots in the Salient with sign-boards. It is also engaged in bringing out the Ypres "Book of Valour," which it is hoped will be a worthy memorial volume of the defence. It organises re-unions wherever a group of members can be collected together, and is always ready to give advice and help to those in difficulties over pensions, &c.

The subscription is only 5s. a year, or £2 10s. for life. Any member of Toc H who feels that all these activities are worthy of support is asked to communicate with the Secretary, 36, Eaton Place, London, S.W.1. B. S. B.

NOTE.—We owe our thanks to the Ypres League for friendly permission to reproduce the picture on the opposite page. It first appeared in the "*Ypres Times*."—ED.

LASTLY, HAVE A SHOT AT THIS

Waste time (when the Jobmaster isn't looking) by reading this sentence: "I don't like **," said the man with the black ***; though the **** we have just witnessed is impressive, yet when we ***** a man, we ***** a ***** power of investigation, and there will be a ***** against ***** when the ***** of this is realised." (Each of the stars represents a letter, and each successive word contains *all* the letters—in a different order—which are in the previous word, *plus one more*.)





OLD BILL AND BERT REVISIT THE YPRES SALIENT.

Drawn by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER.

THE POCKET GUIDE TO TOC H

T^ALBOT HOUSE was founded at Poperinghe on December 15, 1915, and its daughter House at Ypres in 1917. It was named in memory of Gilbert Talbot, Lieut., Rifle Brigade, who fell at Hooge. "Toc H" is merely the Army signallers' pronunciation of T.H. = Talbot House.

Its Objects, expressed in the "Four Points of our Compass," are:—

I To open a series of self-supporting branches throughout the country for the fostering of a new spirit between man and man.

II To establish a Headquarters Club in London and like Open Houses in each great city, whence the elder may serve the younger, and the friendly the lonely.

III To bring the expert to the group, to hear him and ask him questions; to listen hospitably and humbly to Everyman's story, and to help the truth to prevail.

IV To spread the Gospel without preaching it.

Its Organisation, since the beginning, has been that of the *Family*. The Toc H House is the home of a working brotherhood of differently-situated but like-minded men, and the rallying-point of other members in the district. The *BRANCH*, which by the Royal Charter of Incorporation (1922) is made the working unit of Toc H and exercises wide powers of self-government, meets regularly for the purpose of binding its members together in fellowship and social service. It holds from the Central Executive, a bronze "Lamp of Maintenance" as the symbol of its life. The *GROUP* is a body of membership in a probationary stage and desirous of achieving the status of a Branch. Finally, there are a number of *GENERAL MEMBERS* in London, throughout the country, and scattered overseas, who are as yet unattached to any Branch or Group, but who sympathise and serve in whatever way they can. For the purposes of representation on the Central Council, the General Members in London and in the rest of the country are deemed to form two Branches. Women are not eligible for Toc H membership, but can join an auxiliary body, the *LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS (L.W.H.)*.

Its Government is in the hands of a Central Council consisting of the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Trustees, Hon. Treasurer and elected representatives, not exceeding one hundred in number, of the Branches in the United Kingdom. The Central Executive, which meets monthly, is appointed by the Central Council at its annual meeting in April.

Its Membership consists of men from the age of 16 upwards. Applicants for membership require to be proposed and seconded by members and formally elected.

Its Subscription is a *minimum* of 5s. in places where a Toc H House is open; in all other places a *minimum* of 2s. 6d.

All enquiries with regard to membership, literature, &c., and donations or subscriptions, should be addressed to the Registrar, 123, St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

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(The numbers in brackets refer to the order of foundation)

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